

Of Teens and Dares

by AnimationNut

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Summary: A simple dare from Astrid to Snotlout is all it takes for the teens to engage in a one-for-all dare off. How far will they be able to go before they either end up killing each other or drive Stoick crazy?

1. The Instigator

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon Franchise.****

****The Instigator****

The morning sun shone down on the island of Berk. The wind was chilly and blistering as always, but for a Berk-day it was rather mild. Most of the Vikings were outside beginning their daily work, but some were gathered in the Great Hall and eating breakfast.

The six Viking teens were among them.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III idly pushed his eggs around his plate. He wasn't terribly hungry but the ritual of eating meals in the Great Hall with his friends was one he never could pass up. After all, spending years eating alone was not something he wanted to return to. And although his friends used to mistreat him, they had apologized and he had forgiven. He never was one to hold grudges.

Despite the short amount of time he had been in the group Hiccup had already picked up a few things about his friends. Whenever Astrid punched you, it was never meant to be in mean-spirit (unless you were Snotlout and continuously said stupid, sexist things). It was simply a show of affection or used to remind Tuffnut that he should be paying attention or to tell Fishlegs he needed to stop being a coward. And when she punched Hiccup...well, he had yet to figure out _why_ she enjoyed punching his arm so much. But he didn't mind the kisses that came after.

When the twins fought it wasn't because they hated each other. In fact, they were inseparable. It was simply something they did. The Thorston siblings fought and they fought rather well. Although Hiccup had to admit that even for Vikings they took 'sibling rivalry' to a whole new level.

Fishlegs, for the life of him, could not keep a secret. One look and he would spill everything. The glares and the consistent pestering made the boy break down faster than anyone Hiccup had ever seen. Regardless, he was still a loyal friend. Just a loyal friend you couldn't tell important secrets.

And finally, there was Snotlout. Since the boy was his cousin Hiccup knew quite a few things about him from the forced family gatherings they occasionally had. Snotlout was loud, obnoxious and arrogant. But despite his smug exterior he could be a decent guy-deep down-when he wanted to be one. But if there one thing Hiccup had _always_ _known_ about his cousin, it was that he couldn't resist a challenge.

"So, are we still going night-flying?" Astrid asked, bringing Hiccup from his thoughts.

"Heck yeah!" Snotlout exclaimed.

The twins paused in their slap-fight to give brief nods before going at it again.

Hiccup smiled. "Hey, Toothless is a Night-Fury. The night is pretty much our realm."

Astrid rolled her eyes with a smirk and cast a curious glance at Fishlegs, who had yet to speak up. "I can't," the boy mumbled, staring at the scratched table. "My parents still aren't too comfortable with the fact that I'm flying a dragon."

"That's understandable," Hiccup assured the boy. "They'll get used to the idea and soon you'll be able to fly whenever you want."

Fishlegs perked up. "You think so?"

From the little that he knew of Fishlegs' parents, Helga and Egil Ingerman were reasonable people who cared very much for their only child. He was sure once they saw that dragon riding was relatively safe they would loosen up. "I do."

Snotlout snorted. "Fishlegs, you're a man. You can't let your parents tell you what to do anymore."

"But...I still live with them." Fishlegs pointed out. "As long as I live under their roof I abide by their rules. And they're reasonable."

"Pfft. You can't let them push you around." Snotlout said firmly. "You gotta stand your ground."

"So, if your father told you right now you couldn't go night-flying, you'd tell him off?" Fishlegs said dubiously.

"You bet!"

"Yeah, right." Fishlegs shook his head.

Snotlout scowled. "I totally would!"

Astrid crossed her arms and smirked. "Fine then. The next time your dad tells you to do something you don't want to do, show him whose boss. I _dare _you."

And those three little words sealed it.

"You're on." Snotlout growled.

"Snotlout!"

The boy glanced up and discovered that the source of the call was Spitelout. "Yeah, Dad?"

"I need you to help me build the new stables today. We probably won't finish until late, so eat up!" Spitelout ordered.

Snotlout froze. Astrid snickered and glanced at the ceiling. "Thank you, Loki. Well, Snotlout? Why don't you tell him you already have plans?"

"Building the stables won't be that long." Snotlout tried to weasel his way out of the dare. He was not feeling the confidence he had been two minutes ago.

"You heard him. You might not finish until late." Astrid arched an eyebrow.

"What's the matter?" Tuffnut grinned. He and his sister had stopped their fighting in favour of something much more amusing. "Are you...chicken?"

"Bawk, bawk!" Ruffnut crowed.

Snotlout bristled and stood up. "Dad!"

The man turned around and eyed his son expectantly. Snotlout took a deep breath. "I've got plans today, so I can't help you out."

The few Vikings that were in the hall stopped their chattering and stared at the insolent boy. Snotlout swallowed thickly and tried to keep his chin held high. Spitelout narrowed his eyes. "I'm sorry to tell you that I don't care much of what you have planned. _You _will be helping _me_ with the construction."

"You can't tell me what to do!"

There. He said it. And the look of pure fury that raced through his father's gaze was _not _something he felt like facing at the moment.

"You're _so _gonna get it later!" He hissed to Astrid before racing off, abandoning his breakfast and slamming through the large wooden doors. Spitelout slowly got up from his seat and followed calmly after his son.

"I don't think we'll be seeing Snotlout for the next little while."

Astrid laughed.

"Aren't you worried about what he'll dare _you _to do?" Tuffnut asked.

"Nope." The blonde said firmly. "I can handle whatever Snotlout wants to dish out in revenge."

"This is gonna be good." Ruffnut snickered.

Fishlegs swivelled his head between the twins and Astrid. "What's gonna be good?"

"Fishlegs, my friend." Hiccup sighed and shoved his plate away. "I think we are now about to become sucked into the horrors of a dare war."

****...why am I starting another story? I really have no idea. But the teens engaging in a dare contest was too much for me to resist. This is based after the movie and during the TV series.****

****And here's the fun part-you guys get to give me dares! Yes! So get those creative juices flowing and send those dare ideas in. The more ideas you give the more likely I am to update :P The next chapter, by the way, will be Snotlout daring Astrid to do something. So if you got any ideas, go wild!****

****Review please, and no flames!****

2. Kissy Kissy

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Kissy Kissy****

It was three days later when the teens laid eyes on Snotlout. The boy stumbled into the crowded Great Hall at lunchtime, his face glistening with sweat. Astrid grinned when he collapsed onto the bench beside her. "Did you stand up to your father?"

Snotlout glowered at her. "The man caught me at the bottom of the hall steps. He lugged me home, gave me the worst thrashing I've ever had, and put me to work for three days straight. I ended up building the stables _by myself. _I also redid our entire roof. No one in their right mind would stand up to my father after that."

"A smart man wouldn't have stood up to your father in the first place." Hiccup pointed out.

His cousin glared at him. "I'm no chicken. I don't back down from dares."

"So I've noticed," Hiccup muttered and popped a small piece of potato into his mouth.

"Speaking of dares." Snotlout swivelled around and jabbed a finger at the blonde beside him. "Payback shall be sweet!"

Astrid tilted her head determinedly. "Bring it on."

"Oh, I will! Just let me think!"

"Don't strain yourself." Hiccup mumbled under his breath.

Snotlout stole a piece of chicken from Fishlegs' plate and munched on it as he thought. "Hmm...I have so many options. I could dare you to streak through the village..."

Astrid paled ever so slightly and Hiccup ducked his head so that no one would see his blush.

"But I want to save the good dares for later." Snotlout added, giving the girl a momentary sense of relief.

"Wait, what do you mean later?" Fishlegs asked anxiously.

Snotlout grinned deviously. "Oh, Astrid started something great, my man. We are going to partake in a dare war in which Berk has never seen!"

"I didn't agree to this!" Hiccup said quickly. "No one did."

"I am so in!" Ruffnut exclaimed.

Tuffnut punched his sister in the shoulder. "I can't wait to give you some gruesome dares."

Astrid crossed her arms and grinned. "You guys are going down."

Fishlegs shook his head frantically. "I _really _don't want to do this."

"What's the matter?" Snotlout taunted. "Are you afraid?"

"Yes!" Fishlegs exclaimed. "You just said a few seconds ago you would save a streaking dare for Astrid for later on. I don't think I can handle your dares."

"It'll be fun!" Astrid persuaded. "You'll get a chance to make a fool out of this dork." She jerked her head at Snotlout, who scowled at her.

Fishlegs thought. He would no doubt be given insane and disgusting dares from the others, but they would be doing the same style of dares. They would all be making fools of themselves. And their activities would no doubt be inside jokes for a _long _time to come. He wanted to be a part of that, even if his parents would kill him if they discovered what he was about to agree to.

"Fine," he said. "But I have the right to refuse a dare."

"We all have the right to refuse two dares." Astrid bargained. "If we feel so inclined."

" Okay." Fishlegs agreed. "I'm in."

Hiccup hesitantly glanced at the expectant stares of his friends. _I can't believe I'm doing this. _"Sure, whatever."

"This is going to be awesome!" Ruffnut grinned with anticipation. "So Snotlout, what's your dare for Astrid?"

Snotlout tapped his fingers together and attempted to look evil. "Well...it's always been my dream to get a kiss from Astrid."

The blonde stared in horror, knowing exactly what was about to come next. Snotlout smirked. "Astrid, I dare you to kiss me. And I mean _kiss _me. No sissy peck on the lips."

"Uh..."Hiccup sputtered, glancing between a stricken Astrid and a smug Snotlout. "I don't think kissing should be allowed-"

"In a dare war, there are no rules." Snotlout cut his cousin off and crossed his arms. "Well, Astrid? I'm waiting. Or are you going to refuse this dare in the first round?"

Astrid glared heatedly at the boy. "I hate you." She growled, although there wasn't any real malice behind her words-only annoyance and disgust. She reluctantly leaned forwards but before she got too close Snotlout jumped on the table.

"Up here," he taunted as all the Vikings in the Great Hall turned to stare at him. Astrid snarled and climbed on top of the table.

"You will die for this."

"Uh-huh. Pucker up, Princess." Snotlout closed his eyes and leaned forwards slightly. Astrid held back a gag and quickly closed the distance, placing a full kiss on the boy's lips. Hiccup screwed his face up in revulsion and looked away. Ruffnut whooped and Tuffnut burst into hysteric laughter.

After a full thirty seconds Astrid yanked away, unable to take anymore. The lingering taste of sweat caused the girl to lose her control and she leaned over the edge of the table, retching onto the wooden floor. She gingerly wiped her lips and Snotlout (who did not know when to quit) pumped his fist in the air. "Ah yeah, I'm the Viking!"

Furious, sick and humiliated, Astrid grabbed her axe, which was resting by the side of the table. Snotlout (for the second time that week) raced out of the Great Hall. The blonde whirled to the howling Tuffnut and jabbed a finger at him threateningly. "You just wait until tomorrow."

"Looking forward to it!" Tuffnut retorted. Astrid rolled her eyes and hurried from the Great Hall.

"Yeah, one of us will die in the course of this game." Hiccup remarked and attempted to erase the disgusting picture of Astrid kissing Snotlout from his mind.

Across the hall, Spitelout sat at a table with Gobber. The blacksmith glanced at the man and shook his head. "I have no idea what that was about, but your son does not know when to shut up."

Spitelout snorted and took a long drink from his cup of mead. "Tell me about. He's a little idiot."

He had a feeling his son would come home adorned with bruises and probably an injury that would develop into a scar.

Such normally happened when Snotlout managed to tick Astrid off bad enough.

****This was a pretty common suggestion and I figured Snotlout would dare Astrid to kiss him, as he is Snotlout :P I'll probably use some of the other dare suggestions later on though :)****

****Next chapter-In which Astrid dares Tuffnut.****

****Review please, but no flames.****

3. Mission: Steal Stoick's Helmet

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Mission: Steal Stoick's Helmet****

Ruffnut heaved a basket of fish into Barf and Belch's stable, her brother trailing lazily behind. The girl yelped when the two heads snapped gently at the basket upon smelling their breakfast. "Are you going to help me or not, Butt-Elf?"

"Not." Tuffnut smirked and watched as his sister tumbled the rest of the way into the stable, tripping over her feet and falling to the ground. The fish spilled out and Barf and Belch eagerly gobbled the food up. Ruffnut scowled and picked herself up, brushing the dirt from her clothes.

"Normally, this is where I'd say you're gonna pay, but I'm sure Astrid will do that for me."

Tuffnut snorted. "Let's be honest-what _won't _I do?"

Ruffnut considered this before sighing. "Good point. Still, it's always fun watching you make a fool of yourself."

"And that's exactly what will happen."

The siblings turned to see Astrid framed in the stable entrance, the sun casting a glow on her thin frame. Barf and Belch warbled in greeting before going back to their breakfast. Astrid sauntered into the stable and stood in front of Tuffnut.

"This is gonna be good." Ruffnut bounced on her heels eagerly.

"Tuffnut, I dare you to steal Chief's helmet."

"Piece of cake." Tuffnut said dismissively.

"While he's wearing it." Astrid smirked. "As in, right now."

"Are you trying to get me banished?" Tuffnut cried as his sister burst into laughter.

"What happened to _what won't I do_?" Ruffnut asked between giggles.

"You're not going to get banished." Astrid rolled her eyes. "Besides, Hiccup wouldn't let him do that. You have to steal that helmet by dinner. If it helps, Stoick is holding a meeting this afternoon with the other Vikings in regards to coming up with new defense manoeuvres."

"Uh...tell me more on how that helps."

"It _helps_, you dunce, because you steal the helmet right off his head while he's busy conducting the meeting." Astrid snapped. "And if you don't complete the dare by dinner you lose one of your get-out-of-a-dare freebies."

"Got it." Tuffnut mock saluted the blonde. "By dinner the helmet will be mine."

Astrid smirked. "Maybe. Maybe not." She twisted on her heel and stalked out of the stable (and into the fresh, non-rotten air).

"How are you gonna pull this one off, idiot?" Ruffnut asked.

Tuffnut screwed his face up in thought. "I'm gonna steal his helmet while he's at the boring meeting. I'm gonna hide in the rafters of the Great Hall."

Ruffnut waited, but it soon became clear that was all to Tuffnut's plan. She shook her head. "Oh, _great _plan, Butt-Elf."

"Thanks. I thought so, Bride-of-Grendel."

...

Tuffnut slipped into the Great Hall minutes before the adult Vikings were due to have their meeting. The boy glanced at the high wooden rafters hesitantly and climbed onto one of the tables. He jumped, his fingers brushing the edge of the rafter. He cursed and stared nervously at the door. The last thing he wanted was to be busted by the chief.

Astrid would never let him live it down.

Tuffnut jumped again, managing to get a decent grip on the rafter. He hauled himself up and gripped the support tightly. A minute later, the doors opened and the Vikings spilled into the hall, gathering around the central fire. Stoick stood at the head of the group and spread a map out on the stone table that surrounded the fire.

The blonde boy took a deep breath before wriggling carefully along the rafter. He tuned out Stoick's speech as he crawled. He never held any interest in the meetings and could care less about coming up with new defense strategies. They were never violent enough to keep his interest.

Tuffnut came to the end of his rafter and glanced below. Stoick was too far away for him to reach, which meant he would have to jump to the opposite rafter.

Great.

Gobber glanced up when a movement caught his attention. His eyebrow arched upon seeing the male Thorston sibling balancing precariously on the wooden rafters above. No one else had noticed the boy and after a moment of thought Gobber stayed silent.

He was curious to see what stupid thing the boy would do.

He watched as Tuffnut jumped to the rafter above Stoick's head. The lad grinned triumphantly when no one noticed his move-only for his features to twist into panic as the rafter gave a loud _creak._

The wooden rafter snapped, causing Tuffnut to plummet onto the stone table in front of Stoick, his butt inches away from the central fire. The Vikings shouted in shock and surprise, the dust momentarily cutting off their vision.

Tuffnut lay in shock for only a moment before seizing the moment. He snatched the helmet from Stoick's head and tore from the Great Hall, running as fast as he could. Gobber shook his head and eyed Stoick, who looked ready to explode from anger.

Red-faced, Stoick slowly moved towards the wooden doors Tuffnut had just disappeared out of. Thorgerd Thorston stared in stunned disbelief as his chief exited the hall. "My son is an idiot." He moaned. "Not _just _an idiot, but _the _idiot."

"I'm sure his sister put him up to this." Gobber said, rather amused. "But yes, Tuffnut is quite the idiot."

"I'm gonna kill him." Thorgerd growled, embarrassed beyond belief.

"I think Stoick is going to beat you to it." Gobber chuckled.

...

Astrid leaned against the forge entrance, watching as Hiccup crafted a new sword. It was a place she found herself often, taking interest in the boy's work (and the boy himself, of course).

"_Astrid!"_

Surprised, the blonde turned around. Hiccup curiously peered around her, watching as Tuffnut came racing over the slope and waving a helmet in the air. "I got it!" He shouted, running past.

"Nice one!" Astrid called after him, impressed.

Hiccup gaped. "Is that my dad's helmet?"

The man himself lumbered up the slope, eyes burning. "YOU GOT FIVE SECONDS, THORSTON." He thundered. "TO RETURN MY HELMET OR ELSE YOU'LL BE MUCKING OUT THE BARN FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!"

Astrid smirked at Hiccup's expression. "Does that answer your question?"

****Dare suggested by ****MorganViking8998 :)****

****Next chapter: In which Tuffnut dares Fishlegs.****

4. There's Something You Don't See Everyday

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****There's Something You Don't See Everyday****

Stoick the Vast stood at the edge of the barn, watching as Tuffnut did the dirty job of mucking out the stalls. He had given the boy the punishment for only two days, as really, stealing his helmet was not the worst thing the Thorston boy had done. Tuffnut had even endured his punishment with no whining, which was unusual.

"Alright, Tuffnut." Stoick finally spoke and the boy looked at him hopefully, his grip on the shovel already going lax. "That's enough. Try another stupid stunt like that again and you'll wish you were mucking out the barn for the rest of your life."

"Yes sir." Tuffnut eagerly tossed the shovel aside. "Thank you sir."

Stoick merely grunted as the boy tore past him and straight for the Great Hall. The tribe leader shook his head and moved on to the next task of the day.

The blonde boy burst into the Great Hall, immediately eliciting cries of disgust from the Vikings gathered at the various wooden tables. His friends, who were used to the off-putting stench of the twins, merely wrinkled their noses as Tuffnut dropped onto the bench beside his sister. Ruffnut scowled and punched him in the arm. "Couldn't you have bothered to take a bath before coming over here?"

"I don't bathe." Tuffnut said dismissively. To irritate his friends further, he grabbed a piece of fish from Snotlout's plate and rubbed it under his armpits. "There. Is that better?"

"Surprisingly, yes." Astrid muttered.

"Enough chit-chat!" Snotlout exclaimed, hardly minding that his lunch had been stolen. "Tuff, what's your dare for Ruff?"

"Ah, that is the most obvious person I'd dare, isn't it?" Tuffnut said mysteriously. "But no! I am going to dare Fishlegs!"

"Eep!" The husky boy squeaked.

"This should be interesting." Ruffnut mused and rested her chin in her hands. "What is it?"

"Fishlegs, I dare you to chase a herd of sheep through the village while wearing a dress, while singing a song _and_ while riding Meatlug who will be dressed as a _fish_!" Tuffnut threw his arms out dramatically.

A stunned silence descended upon the table before most of the teens

burst into laughter. Fishlegs looked absolutely stricken and Hiccup clapped a hand over his mouth to muffle his giggles.

"That's...creative." Hiccup managed to say.

"I'm gonna pee!" Astrid cackled and slapped the surface of the table with the palm of her hand. "And Fishlegs hasn't even _done _it yet."

"Where am I supposed to get a dress?" Fishlegs cried. "And how the heck am I supposed to dress Meatlug up as a fish?"

"We'll help!" Astrid tried to regain control and punched Hiccup in the shoulder. "I'm sure I can find a dress somewhere. Can we throw in some makeup to?"

"Yes!" Tuffnut exclaimed. "That is a good idea."

"Astrid!"

"I'm sorry!" Astrid held back a chuckle. "I just can't wait to see this."

"Get to it!" Snotlout urged, waving Astrid, Hiccup and Fishlegs off. "This is going to be hilarious!"

Fishlegs moaned and slumped after his friends. "This is going to be humiliating."

"Hey, you'll be able to get Tuffnut back sooner or later." Hiccup assured the boy. "And don't worry, when Snotlout decides to dare me, I'm going to be in the same boat as you."

"Hiccup, you work on turning Meatlug into a fish." Astrid ordered. "I'm gonna grab a dress. We'll meet at the grazing fields in an hour."

"Do-able," Hiccup agreed and set off. Astrid grabbed Fishlegs by the arm and led him over to his house. Fishlegs gaped as the blonde threw open his front door and ventured inside.

"We are _not _stealing one of my mother's dresses! She'll kill me!"

"We're borrowing." Astrid corrected. She stumbled upon the room of Fishlegs' parents and went straight for the wooden chest. She rummaged around and removed a dark purple dress adorned with brass buttons and a lacy hem. "Perfect! Where does your mother keep her makeup?"

"She only has crushed roses." Fishlegs finally admitted, pointing at the shelf above the bed. "She uses it to brighten her cheeks for special occasions."

Astrid snagged the small satchel from the shelf her friend pointed out. "Let's go to the grazing fields. I don't anyone to see you in this get-up until everything is together."

"You shouldn't be having so much fun with this." Fishlegs muttered.

...

An hour later, Hiccup arrived at the grazing fields with Meatlug in tow. Astrid nearly fell from the wooden fence, she was laughing so hard. Hiccup had used metal rods to make the frames of fish fins and a fish tail. He then filled the frame with parchment that was dyed a silvery-blue. "That's great!"

Hiccup grinned and patted Meatlug on the head. "She was pretty cooperative to. How's Fishlegs holding up?"

"Better than I thought he would." The blonde turned her head slightly. "Fishlegs! It's time!"

The boy reluctantly emerged from behind the chicken coop. Hiccup snorted with laughter and hastily turned it into a cough. "Um...it's not so bad."

Fishlegs glared. The purple dress was tight and itchy. Since he was actually taller than his mother, the dress revealed a bit of his chunky legs. Not to mention Astrid went crazy with the crushed rose-his cheeks were a bright pinkish-red.

"Okay," Astrid wheezed, holding her stomach. "We're gonna go get the rest of the guys. We'll whistle when we're all gathered in the plaza."

"I hate you." Fishlegs said half-heartedly. The two grinned before departing. The husky boy turned to see his dragon giving him a curious look. "Yeah. I know. I'm a weirdo with weird friends. Be thankful you look ten-times better than I do."

Meatlug growled softly in agreement.

Fishlegs mounted Meatlug and urged her into the grazing fields. The sheep eyed him and started bleating. "Oh great. _They're _laughing at me now."

Suddenly, a sharp whistle echoed across Berk. Fishlegs swallowed thickly. "There's the whistle. Oh, shoot, I gotta sing a song to, don't I? Uh...I'll make one up."

He took a deep breath and started to sing the first lyrics that came to mind.

_I am a Viking of some note.

>Fishlegs' my name and here I float
Out on the sea in a great big boat._

The sheep, startled by the terribly off-key voice, started stampeding for the open gate. Fishlegs chased after them and whimpered when the plaza quickly came into view.

_And I'm the one who beats the drum in time

>To stroke the oars that drive our galleons on.
And while we rowed we had our song

>And we had our god, and it may seem odd.

The sheep raced through the plaza, causing Vikings to holler and jumped out of the way. The five teens were sitting safely on

Snotlout's roof, watching as the sheep tore through the plaza with Fishlegs following behind. They were all screaming with laughter, the reactions of the other Vikings utterly priceless and Fishlegs' singing completely hilarious.

_But at least there was a cause
>Caught a wind and we upped the sail.
Lost two ships when it turned to a gale
>Down went a third when she rammed on a whale.

Toothless watched in bafflement at the scene before him. He shuffled back a bit to avoid being slammed into by the sheep and a rapidly-approaching Meatlug. _"What is going on?" _He rumbled.

"_I wish I knew. Your boy dressed me up and my boy started doing...this." _Meatlug called as she hurried by. _"I think one of the twins put him up to it, from what Hiccup was saying when he apologized for dressing me up like this."_

Toothless watched as Fishlegs, Meatlug and the sheep disappeared from the plaza. He eyed the stunned Vikings before drifting his gaze to the hysterical teenagers on the roof across the plaza. Astrid and Hiccup were holding onto each other for support and Snotlout had tears of mirth streaming down his face.

And then there were the twins, who were laughing so hard they rolled off the edge of the roof.

Toothless quickly swooped in, the twins landing safely on his back. The event did not stop the twins from laughing. Ruffnut patted his head and giggled madly. "T-t-thanks, Toothless. D-d-did you _see _Fishlegs?"

"That was the single greatest moment in my life." Tuffnut breathed. "I am a genius."

****Dare suggested by Living Encyclopedia :)****

****The song is the Song of the Viking by Todd Rundgren. Obviously, I do not own the song (I just changed one little word to Fishlegs).****

****Next chapter: In which Fishlegs dares Hiccup.****

5. Time for a Beard-Cut

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Time for a Beard-Cut****

Fishlegs refused to leave his house for two whole days after the incident. His parents had demanded an explanation, but really, there wasn't much of one. It had taken a few hours, but Fishlegs managed to convince his parents that he had not gone mad.

The husky boy eventually gathered enough courage to venture outside. He kept his head down and strode briskly for the Great Hall, where he knew his friends were eating breakfast. Fishlegs cautiously opened the large wooden doors and was relieved to see that most of the

Vikings had already finished eating. The only ones left were his friends.

Who promptly burst into laughter upon seeing him.

"It's not funny!" Fishlegs snapped, his face flushing red. "My parents thought I'd lost my mind."

"I'd think that too." Astrid giggled and moved over so that Fishlegs could have a seat. "I'm sorry, but that had to have been the funniest thing I have ever seen."

"So far." Snotlout added. "There are plenty more dare opportunities left."

"Joy." Fishlegs mumbled.

"That means..." Snotlout urged. "You have to deliver a dare to someone."

"Alright." Fishlegs eyed Ruffnut, who arched a challenging eyebrow back. Hastily he turned to Hiccup. The lanky boy's fork hovered inches from his mouth.

"Shoot," he muttered. Sighing heavily he dropped the fork to his plate and stared at his friend. "Alright. What is it?"

"Er..." Fishlegs fumbled for a moment, trying to think of a dare that wasn't too mean or too lame. "I dare you to cut off your father's beard."

"Oh, man!" Tuffnut laughed and slapped Ruffnut in the shoulder. "Did you hear that?"

"That's a good one." Ruffnut said, impressed.

"It is not!" Hiccup protested. "My dad will _kill _me."

"Aw, come on. He's a Viking." Astrid waved a hand dismissively. "He'll grow it back in no time."

Hiccup glanced at Fishlegs wearily. "Do I have to cut it _all _off?"

Fishlegs took pity on his friend. "How about half? That way, it'll look even more ridiculous since the hair will be all choppy and uneven."

"Don't be a sissy!" Snotlout cried. "Make him shave it all off!"

Astrid shot a glare at the boy. "And how would your father take to have his beard shaved off?"

Snotlout paused and thought about the many possible reactions that would come from such an event. "Point taken. Alright, I guess it'll still be funny."

Hiccup rubbed his forehead. "So...can I do it tonight?"

"Sure thing." Fishlegs agreed. "But won't your dad know automatically that you did it?"

"I don't think so. Dad probably doesn't think I have the guts to do something like that." Hiccup shrugged. "So long as I don't get caught, I should be fine."

"I so hope you get caught." Snotlout grinned widely. "That would make my day."

"You're _such _a wonderful cousin." Hiccup quipped before getting to his feet. "If I'm going to do this, I'm going to need a pair of shears or something."

"Good luck," Astrid said as Hiccup departed. "I have a feeling you're going to need it."

...

Night fell far quicker than Hiccup would have liked. The auburn-haired boy slowly sat up in his bed and listened intently. He could hear his father's snoring coming from downstairs. Swallowing thickly, he stood up and grabbed a small pair of shears that he had hidden under his bed. Toothless blinked sleepily as Hiccup moved about, his prosthetic foot making a soft _clink _with every step.

"Go back to sleep, bud." Hiccup whispered as he approached the stairs. "I'm about to do something incredibly stupid."

Toothless eyed his human warily for a moment before deciding that he didn't want to know. He gave a soft warble before curling back up. Hiccup descended down the wooden stairs and crossed the main room, where his father's bedroom was located.

"Oh, why am I doing this?" Hiccup moaned and stood uncertainly in the doorway. The rumbling snores shook his father's chest, and the ginger curls of his beard were splayed out in plain view. Hiccup took a deep breath and carefully walked into the room.

Here goes nothing.

Bit by bit, Hiccup removed the thick curls that made up Stoick's impressive beard. The pieces of hair tumbled down his massive chest and onto the wooden floor. Hiccup winced at the jagged edges he was creating, but he was in too much of a hurry to make it look all neat.

Hiccup pressed the shears together, ready to make the final cut. It was extremely annoying to find that the shears would not pull apart. They were stuck to Stoick's beard.

Fantastic.

Ginger, Hiccup jiggled the small shears in an attempt to pry them loose. It soon became apparent that the only way to free the shears was to remove it from the hair. And there was only way to do that.

Thor help me.

Gritting his teeth together, Hiccup pulled with all his might. A huge chunk of beard was torn from Stoick's face with a nasty _rip_. The tribe leader shot upwards with a bellow of pain and Hiccup dove underneath the bed before he was spotted. Trembling and heart pounding, Hiccup cowered under the bed and gripped the shears to his chest.

"_ODIN'S GHOST!_"

Noticing the curled pieces of red hair on the wooden floor, Stoick got to his feet and lumbered over reflective metal that hung on the wall beside the door. He stared in horror at the choppy bits of beard that still hung from his chin.

What was worse, however, was that half of his face didn't _have _any facial hair. The other side did.

Oaths and swears echoed through the Haddock household. Stoick stormed outside, believing that the culprit must have recently committed the crime and was intent on finding him (or her) and giving them a good thrashing.

Hiccup scrambled out from underneath Stoick's bed and removed the large piece of ginger hair from the shears and tossed it to the floor. He flew up the stairs to his room, flung the shears under his bed and cowered underneath his covers, his father's violent oaths echoing through his mind.

Dare suggested by Sweetea8 :)

Next chapter: In which Hiccup dares Ruffnut.

6. Bye-Bye Peg Leg

I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.

Bye-Bye Peg Leg

The sun was high in the sky, and Hiccup still hadn't arrived in the Great Hall. Astrid cast a worried glance at the seat beside her Hiccup normally occupied. "Gee, I hope his dad didn't catch him."

"I didn't mean for him to get in trouble." Fishlegs said fearfully, knowing full well the wrath of which Stoick was capable of.

"It's all part of the game." Astrid assured the boy. "You take the dare, you take the consequences that come with it."

Just as the words left her mouth the doors swung open, revealing the Hooligan tribe leader in all of his glory. The first thing everyone noticed was the fact that he only had a quarter of a beard with jagged edges. The rest of it had been completely taken off.

Snotlout bit the inside of his cheek and stared at the wooden tabletop. His friends were quick to copy his actions as the man slowly walked towards a table at the back of the hall. For a brief instant, his eyes lingered on the teens before he continued his

way.

The teens did not trust themselves to look up, for fear they would burst into laughter. Astrid shoved a piece of bread into her mouth and tried not to think about how ridiculous Stoick looked.

A minute later Hiccup entered the hall and sat beside Astrid. Snotlout risked a glance at his cousin and asked, "What did you _do_?"

"Ssh!" Hiccup hissed, for he thought that the question was asked a little too loudly in the quiet hall. "I tried taking off only half, but the shears got stuck and I ended up taking off more than I intended. He woke up, I hid, and that was that."

"So you didn't get busted?" Astrid asked in relief.

"Thankfully, no."

"Remind me to never ask you for a haircut." Tuffnut drawled.

Astrid snorted. "Please. The two of you have _never_ gotten a haircut." She reached out and yanked on a strand of Tuffnut's long, greasy blonde locks. "But you really could use one." She paused for a moment and grinned deviously. "I think I have a dare lined up for one of you."

"Nice going, dork!" Ruffnut scowled and punched her brother in the shoulder. "You gave her ideas!"

"I didn't mean to!" Tuffnut protested. "Plus, if she makes me cut off my hair, I'll make her cut off _her_ hair. It'll be full circle!"

"This is a dangerous game that we play." Hiccup sighed. Astrid smiled at him and pushed her plate towards him, offering some of her food. Hiccup smiled gratefully and stole a fried potato.

"Alright Ruffnut, I've got a dare for you." Hiccup spoke. "I dare you to steal Gobber's peg leg."

"Is that all?" Ruffnut waved a hand dismissively. "I'll do that right now."

Hiccup stared at the girl in disbelief. "_Right now?_"

"It's more of a challenge this way." Ruffnut said cheerfully. She jerked a thumb at the blacksmith, who was sitting at the same table as Stoick and Spitelout in the back of the hall. "I think now is the perfect time."

"I cannot wait to see this." Snotlout grinned in anticipation.

Ruffnut casually got up and walked across the hall. Making sure no one was watching, she ducked underneath a table that was three away from the one Gobber was sitting at. The teens watched as the girl crawled underneath all three tables. She carefully weaved her way underneath the one the blacksmith was occupying.

"Here we go..."Tuffnut smiled brightly.

Yoink!

Gobber hollered in surprise, rocketing to his one foot and wobbling unsteadily. Ruffnut scrambled out from underneath the table and waved the peg leg wildly in the air. "Victory!" She hollered and tore from the hall.

Gobber gaped after the female Thorston. After a moment, he spoke. "I'm not exactly in the best condition to chase after the hellion. So..."

"I'll do it." Spitelout sighed and got to his feet. He ran out of the hall in pursuit.

"What in blazes got into her?" Stoick muttered.

"The same thing that got into the joker that cut off your beard." Gobber informed. He glared suspiciously at the teens, who were doing a very poor job of holding in their laughter. "Alright, which one of you put her up to it?"

"I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about." Hiccup managed. It was very difficult to keep a serious face when your mentor was teetering on one foot.

"My sister is crazy." Tuffnut smirked. "She should probably be shipped off where she won't infect anyone else with her weirdness."

Astrid punched the boy in the shoulder. "I'm sure Ruffnut just thought it would be a funny joke to play."

"And it was." Snotlout snickered.

Gobber shook his head and collapsed on the bench. "They're up to something."

"I've no doubt." Stoick grumbled. He gingerly prodded the rough patch of skin where his beard used to be. "And when I find out who did this, they'll regret the day."

"Aye, Ruffnut will be sharpening swords till her hands bleed." Gobber agreed. "It's a simple task even she can manage it."

The large wooden doors opened, and Spitelout marched in with Ruffnut in hands. The girl grinned at the blacksmith and her chief. "Oh, come on. You have to admit, that was _hilarious._"

No longer able to control themselves, the teens burst into hysterical laughter.

Indeed, the look on Gobber's face when his leg was snatched was _priceless._

Dare suggested by I Love John Gallagher Jr :)

Next chapter: In which Ruffnut dares Astrid.

****If I didn't use your dare in the first round, then there's a good chance I will in the next round :) There's a few dares that I'm saving for later chapters, so thanks for all the suggestions!****

7. I Do Thee Wed

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****I Do Thee Wed...****

Ruffnut spent three days in Gobber's forge, sharpening swords for hours on end. When her hands started to blister and bleed on the third day the blacksmith sent her off with a grim promise of what would happen to her if she ever tried something stupid like that again.

The blonde girl walked through the plaza, gingerly blowing on her aching hands. She started to head for the Great Hall when she heard someone call her name. Ruffnut turned her head slightly and spotted her brother waving at her from the old watchtower. She twisted on her heel and jogged over to her friends.

"How'd it go?" Hiccup asked when the girl climbed into the tower.

"Hard and painful." Ruffnut collapsed beside her brother. "But when you're a Viking, everything is hard and painful."

"Good point."

"Did you get busted yet?"

Hiccup shook his head. "No, thank Thor. His beard is starting to grow back in rough patches, so in a month he won't look so...crappy."

"Beautiful choice of words." Astrid snickered.

"I thought so to."

The two exchanged soft smiles and Ruffnut studied them for a moment before throwing her hands in the air. "I have it!"

"Have what?" Tuffnut asked.

"A dare for Astrid!"

"Here we go." Fishlegs moaned.

"I can't wait to hear this." Astrid crossed her arms and arched an eyebrow.

Ruffnut cleared her throat dramatically. "I dare you to 'marry' Hiccup on the roof of the Great Hall."

A blush crossed Hiccup's face and Astrid winked at him. "Hey, that's the best dare ever."

"I'm not finished. Hiccup has to be the one wearing the dress, you'll

be the one in the suit and Toothless will be the one marrying you guys-in a grass skirt." Ruffnut jumped to her feet in excitement. "And Astrid has to eat a piece of fish that was regurgitated by Toothless and then kiss Hiccup!"

"Yeah, that last part, was the only part I liked." Astrid said flatly.

"Wait a minute!" Hiccup cried. "This is Astrid's dare, not mine! Why do I have to wear the dress?"

Ruffnut shrugged and dropped back to her seat. "Fine. If you refuse to do it, then you're making Astrid refuse a dare and she'll be that close to losing this war."

When Hiccup hesitated Astrid swung around and punched him in the shoulder. "Ouch!" Hiccup scowled and rubbed the developing bruise. "Astrid, I am not--"

"Do it for me? Please?" Astrid pleaded.

Hiccup swallowed and slumped in defeat. Astrid sighed with relief and faced Ruffnut. "Name the time."

Ruffnut tapped her chin thoughtfully. "How about three hours from now? Is that enough time for you guys to get ready?"

"It's plenty of time." Astrid got to her feet and looked at Hiccup. "You work on getting Toothless into a grass skirt and getting me a suit. I'll find a dress for you to wear." She glanced at Ruffnut. "What else?"

"The regurgitated fish," she reminded.

"Oh yeah. Get that too."

"Not a problem." Hiccup muttered. Astrid pecked him on the cheek before hurrying off.

Snotlout grinned at his cousin. "This will be even better than the Fishlegs incident."

"Is that what the village is calling it?" Fishlegs asked in dismay. "Aw, man."

"Don't worry, buddy." Hiccup reluctantly got up and started down the ramp. "Once this happens, everyone will forget about your little 'incident'."

...

Hiccup looked rather miserable.

Toothless picked on his human's mood immediately when the boy dropped a basket of fish in front of him. The Night Fury gobbled several up before glancing at Hiccup. He was slumped on the ground beside him, sewing multiple long blades of grass together with a single piece of string.

The memory of Meatlug running through the plaza dressed like a fish

entered his mind and he barked in protest. A small smile graced Hiccup's lips and he glanced at his dragon. "Yeah, it's what you're thinking. But it's only for a little while, and it's only a grass skirt."

_I don't know what you and your crazy friends are doing, but why do I have to be dragged into it? _Toothless complained. But of course, Hiccup did not hear this and simply patted him on the head before going back to work.

Toothless sighed and went back to his fish. Really, Hiccup didn't seem too happy by the idea either. He wasn't sure what was happening, but what he did know was that he wanted to cheer his best friend up.

Gack!

Hiccup held back a gag as a slimy piece of fish landed in his lap. "Yeah, I thought so. Sorry bud, I appreciate the thought but this has to be saved for Astrid."

Toothless did not mind. He liked the girl and knew that Hiccup _really_ liked her.

Perhaps he would give Astrid the fish as a symbol of his love. That was something humans did, wasn't it?

...

The teens gathered behind the hall three hours later. Hiccup was wearing a traditional white dress that oddly fit him well. Astrid wore a baggy suit that had a few rips in the pants. Toothless, of course, wore the grass skirt (the Night Fury struggled to resist the urge to scratch at it).

"Where's the fish?" Ruffnut demanded. "It's not complete without the fish!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes and held out a basket, which contained a single regurgitated fish.

Snotlout smirked. "I bet it tastes great when it's cold."

Astrid glared at him. "Shut up."

"Get moving!" Ruffnut hissed. "There's a good crowd lining up for dinner!"

Astrid and Hiccup mounted Toothless and they flew up to the roof. Astrid dropped the basket in between herself and Hiccup and the two stood in front of the Night Fury, who muttered under his breath (of course, the kids only heard annoyed grunts).

"It's your dare and for some reason I'm the one who's more humiliated." Hiccup whispered.

Astrid grimaced. "I don't know. At least the dress you're wearing is clean. Mine has mould in it. And I have to eat a fish that was previously in a dragon's stomach."

"I'm. In. A. Dress!" Hiccup snapped.

"And you look hot in it."

"You so owe me."

"I think I can deal with that."

"_Hiccup?"_

The flabbergasted voice of Stoick the Vast reminded the teens of what they were supposed to be doing. "Eat the fish before he comes up here!" Hiccup said frantically.

Astrid bent down and took the fish from the basket. She took a large bite out of it, swallowed and promptly kissed Hiccup on the lips.

For Astrid, it made up for eating the nasty fish.

For Hiccup, it _almost _made up for him wearing a dress in public.

"Aw!" Ruffnut cooed. "How adorable!"

Tuffnut and Snotlout were in hysterics, unable to get over the sight of Hiccup in a dress that actually looked good on him. Fishlegs only gaped, wondering why he was friends with these lunatics. The crowd of Vikings stared, stunned.

And Stoick had passed out from the sheer humiliation and bafflement from what he had just witnessed.

****Dare suggested by Lighty 7 :)****

****Next chapter: In which Astrid dares Tuffnut.****

8. Unappetizing Meal

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Unappetizing Meal****

When Hiccup did not show up for breakfast, Astrid grabbed a muffin and jogged to his house, hoping that Stoick hadn't shipped him off for the little stunt that they had pulled yesterday.

The blonde climbed the grassy slope that led to the Haddock household and rapped on the wooden door (a practice that she was not accustomed to). A few seconds later the door creaked open and a pair of cautious green eyes glanced through the small crack.

"Hey, Hiccup." Astrid put on her sweetest smile and thrust out the muffin. "I brought you some breakfast."

"This is a very poor apology in comparison to what you made me do." Hiccup said flatly. But he accepted the muffin anyway.

"Well, you did agree to it." Astrid pointed out. "Even if I used...some persuasion."

"Not the word I was thinking of, but alright."

"Aw, Hiccup, I said I was sorry." Astrid pouted slightly.

Hiccup sighed heavily and opened the door completely. "I know, I know. I accept your apology and promise not to make you feel guilty every time I recall the horrid experience of me wearing a dress in front of the entire village."

"Fishlegs can share your pain." Astrid grinned and pecked the boy on the cheek. "How did your dad take it?"

"I managed to convince Gobber to help me lug my dad home. We put him in bed and when he came to and started yelling at me I told him that he must have been dreaming." Hiccup grimaced. "Let's see how long that excuse holds up."

"What did Gobber say?"

"He couldn't stop laughing."

"Is Toothless mad?"

"Nah. Just confused. I can't say I blame him."

Astrid sighed with relief. "Good to know everything worked out."

"Wouldn't take it that far." Hiccup arched an eyebrow. "There are plenty of other Vikings that witnessed the whole ordeal with their own eyes. I will never hear the end of it and my dad will probably realize sooner or later that what he saw _wasn't _a dream."

"You're quite the optimist, aren't you?" Astrid quipped. She leaned against the doorframe and smiled mischievously. "But I think I have the cure for your moodiness."

"I can't wait to hear this." Hiccup crossed his arms and arched an eyebrow expectantly.

"It's my turn to dare someone. I was thinking of daring Tuffnut and decided to run my dare by you to see if it meets your approval."

"You need my approval because...?"

"I thought that if the dare was appropriately humiliating, you wouldn't feel so bad about what you had to do to help me with my dare." Astrid explained.

"Ah. Fire away."

"I was thinking of daring Tuffnut to eat one of his father's boots."

Hiccup blinked. He stared at the blonde for a moment before a smirk crossed his face. "Yeah. That would actually make me feel

appreciative of what I was forced to do for you."

"Then I guess I better get going." Astrid grinned widely. "I have a lunch special to deliver to Tuffnut and I'd hate to be late."

Hiccup waved as Astrid took off towards the Thorston household. The boy shook his head and closed the door. "What have I gotten myself into?" He mused.

...

Lunch rolled around and the group had gathered at their usual table in the Great Hall. Tuffnut ate his bread and fish, unaware of the horror he was about to experience. Hiccup sat across from the boy and was failing to hide his smile.

"What are you so happy about?" Snotlout demanded.

"I know who Astrid is going to dare next." Hiccup answered simply.

Everyone froze and stared at Hiccup with wide eyes. "Who is it?" Fishlegs asked fearfully.

"It's not you, big guy." Hiccup assured and Fishlegs let out a sigh of relief.

"It can't be me. There are no dare-backs." Ruffnut crossed her arms. "And it's obviously not gonna be Hiccup. So it's one of you two dorks."

Tuffnut and Snotlout exchanged weary looks. They knew exactly what the blonde was capable of and they knew she wouldn't hold back in giving the most gruesome dare imaginable.

The girl of their thoughts chose that moment to saunter into the hall. She kept one hand firmly behind her back as she approached the table her friends were sitting at. "Hey, guys."

"Who is it?" Snotlout asked bluntly, not wanting to waste time fretting over what he would possibly be forced to do.

"Tuffnut." Astrid admitted and smirked. She dropped a boot on the table and immediately the kids covered their noses from the awful stench.

"Ugh! It's the smelly one too!" Ruffnut gagged.

"The smelly one?" Hiccup asked nasally, his fingers pinching his nose.

"Yeah. One boot is smellier than the other, if that makes sense." Ruffnut eyed the footwear curiously. "What does Tuff have to do with this?"

"Tuffnut, I dare you to eat this boot."

"Oh, thank Thor it's not me." Snotlout muttered.

"Well, if Tuff refuses the dare, then it gets passed down to you."

Astrid crossed her arms and eyed the boy expectantly.
"Well?"

Tuffnut stared at the boot in horror. He glanced at Snotlout, who glowered. "Don't even think about it, man."

The male Thorston swallowed thickly and reluctantly pulled the boot over to him. "You better look out," he growled before squeezing his eyes shut and biting into the mouldy, stained leather.

The kids watched in horrified fascination as Tuffnut gagged the fabric of the boot down. Eventually, only a few mangled pieces were left on the wooden tabletop. Tuffnut pressed his hands over his mouth and his cheeks bulged.

"You're turning green." Fishlegs observed.

Astrid laughed. "Duh. He just ate a _boot_."

"That was the single most disgusting thing I've ever seen in my life." Snotlout muttered, holding his stomach.

"It was awesome." Ruffnut agreed.

Tuffnut could no longer hold down the bile and he leaned over the tabletop, throwing up most of the contents of his stomach. Cries of disgust rang across the hall, and Hiccup had a feeling they would be doing the same thing as Tuffnut if they knew what had occurred. He was close to throwing up himself.

"I'm getting out of here." Fishlegs muttered. "You're all insane."

"I'm with you, bro." Snotlout quickly followed Fishlegs out of the hall.

Ruffnut burst into laughter at her brother's misery and Hiccup glanced at Astrid. "That was nasty."

"Yeah." Astrid sighed. "I was hoping he would have passed on the dare. That way Snotlout could have eaten it and Tuffnut would be that close to losing."

The doors to the Great Hall swung open and Thorgerd Thorston hobbled in, balancing one on foot. He glared heatedly around the hall, not noticing his sick son. "Alright. Who's the joker that stole one of my boots?"

****Dare suggested by snake screamer :)****

****Next chapter: In which Tuffnut dares Snotlout.****

9. Watch What you Say

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Watch What you Say****

Ruffnut sat on the edge of her bed, watching as her brother once more

unleashed the contents of his stomachs into the wooden bucket propped by his head. The boy was pale and very sick, but it just a violent case of the stomach bug. The girl had played her brother's sickness off as something he had eaten and her father had believed her.

She still wasn't sure how to break the news of his missing boot (of which he was still searching). But she figured it could wait to a later day.

"Dude, soon you'll be barfing up your stomach." Ruffnut remarked.

Tuffnut squeezed his eyes shut against the gross mental image and collapsed against his pillow, breathing heavily. "Shut it, Butt-Elf. Or else I'll vomit all over your bed."

Ruffnut screwed her nose up and didn't comment. She wouldn't put it past her brother to do something like that.

"Oh, will Astrid pay." Tuffnut said suddenly. "She will pay dearly!"

"You're going to have to wait next round for that, bud." Ruffnut reminded him. "There are no dare-backs."

"Who made up that stupid rule?" Tuffnut growled.

Ruffnut arched an eyebrow. "I did."

"It's inhuman to punch a sick person." Tuffnut said instantly.

"Oh, please." Ruffnut scoffed. "We're Vikings. Speaking of inhumane Vikings, what are you going to dare Snotlout to do?"

"I dunno." Tuffnut mumbled. "I'm too sick to come up with anything good."

"You've been in bed for three days. I don't think you're getting out anytime soon and I don't want this dare war to fizzle out."

"Ugh..."Tuffnut moaned. "Fine. I dare Snotlout to put up an offensive banner in the Great Hall. There. Go relay the message."

"You're forgetting something." Ruffnut said dangerously.

"Please." Tuffnut added hastily.

Ruffnut nodded in approval and got up. She left her house and entered the chilly afternoon air. Across the way she spotted Snotlout sitting on his front stoop, eyeing the sky. "What's up?" She called, making her way over to him.

"Hookfang took off and I have no idea where he is." Snotlout muttered, worried and annoyed at the same time. "I really wish he'd stop doing that."

"He'll be back." Ruffnut assured him. "They always come back. I think I have something that'll make you feel worse though."

Snotlout glanced up at her with an incredulous expression. "That's not how the phrase is supposed to go."

"Well, I don't think a dare from Tuffnut would make you feel any better so I decided to be blunt."

The boy groaned and buried his face in his hands. "What is it?"

"He dares you to hang an offensive banner in the Great Hall." Ruffnut recited.

Snotlout cautiously peered between his fingers. "That's it?"

"That's it." Ruffnut confirmed. "Being ill has taken away his creativity. I'm sure it will come back when the opportunity comes for him to dare Astrid."

"I've no doubt." Snotlout agreed. "Alright. I'll get right on that."

"I can't wait to see what you come up with." Ruffnut grinned and headed back home. Snotlout watched her go and rested his chin in his hands.

"Offensive, huh?" He mused. "Hmm..."

...

Hiccup was in the middle of sharpening an axe when someone rapped on the wooden doorframe leading to his workplace. He glanced up and was surprised to see his cousin standing in the doorway. "What's up?"

"Do you know where I can find some paint?"

Hiccup arched an eyebrow. After a moment of deliberation he asked, "Why?"

"I need it to write something offensive on a banner." Snotlout replied. "I managed to get a large piece of fabric from one of the sewers in the village. All I need is paint-and maybe a hammer and some nails."

"I think there's some leftover paint in the cupboard over there." Hiccup gestured towards the bank of wooden cubbies behind his head. Sure enough, dented metal cans glinted in the afternoon light. "The hammer and nails are in the box on the shelf."

Snotlout grabbed the desired items, thanked Hiccup and left. The small boy stared after him for a moment before shaking his head and getting back to work. "This will be interesting."

...

It took Snotlout the rest of the day to finish up his banner, but by the following morning he had finished it. Ruffnut had the nasty job of emptying her brother's bucket out and so she was there to witness Snotlout sneaking for the Great Hall ten minutes before breakfast, a piece of fabric clutched in his arms. The girl tossed the contents of the bucket in a random direction and ran inside. "Tuffnut! He

finished it!"

"Lemme know what it says." Tuffnut mumbled into his pillow.

Ruffnut rolled her eyes and forcibly pulled him out of bed. Tuffnut's stomach jerked but he managed to keep it together. "Do you really want to miss this?"

"...no." Tuffnut admitted.

Ruffnut smirked and the twins left the house. Tuffnut held his stomach gingerly as they went. When they approached the doors they spotted Hiccup, Astrid and Fishlegs waiting for them on the stone steps.

"I told them what was going on." Hiccup informed. "Snotlout hasn't told us what he had written."

"I didn't even know he could write." Astrid remarked.

"Not much."

They all glanced up at the familiar voice. Snotlout rounded the corner of the hall and dropped next to them. "I can only write some words and the words I can write I have difficulty spelling. I did my best."

"What does it say?" Astrid asked curiously.

"You'll find out soon." Snotlout gestured towards the crowd of Vikings that were filing towards the hall. "How are you feeling, Tuff?"

"Like crap." Tuffnut glowered at Astrid. "Vengeance shall be mine."

"I'll be waiting for the day." Astrid drawled.

"_What slander!_"

The first, angered shout echoed from inside the hall and soon many more followed (most filled with expletives). The teens entered the hall and stood behind the group of Vikings that were staring, gobsmacked, at the banner hanging from the rafters.

"_Home of the Outcasts! Boo Berkians!_"

"Whoa," Fishlegs breathed. "Now that's offensive."

"_Who wrote this?_"

The kids jumped at the furious voice of Stoick the Vast. They glanced at him with innocent expressions, trying very hard not to laugh at his mangled beard. "I have no idea." Hiccup replied. "But this is an outrage!"

"It's disgusting!" Tuffnut added.

"Completely unforgivable." Astrid said seriously.

"In fact, it's so horrible I can't bear to stay here any longer." Snotlout said dramatically. He left the hall with his friends trailing behind, keeping their laughter at bay until they were a good distance away.

"Your dad looked ready to blow a gasket." Astrid giggled. "His face was priceless."

Hiccup smirked. "He's going to murder you if he finds out you did it."

"He'll never find out."

"Did you get rid of the evidence? Also known as the paint and tools?"

Snotlout blinked. "Oh, crap!"

****Dare suggested by SnowFlower Frost :)****

****Next chapter: In which Snotlout dares Fishlegs.****

10. A Rotten Snack

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****A Rotten Snack****

"Did you guys go to the big bonfire last night?" Ruffnut asked as she and her brother took a seat at their usual table with their friends.

Hiccup snorted. "I didn't need to. I could see the smoke and flames right from my bedroom. Dad was ticked. He kept asking me if I knew who did such a traitorous thing."

"What did you say?" Snotlout ask, stirring his soup anxiously. He had gotten rid of the evidence so the only way he would get in trouble was if someone tattled. "You didn't sell out your favourite cousin did you?"

"That would be a death wish." Hiccup said flatly. "You would no doubt retaliate by telling my father who destroyed his beloved beard and then I would be dead."

Astrid giggled. "It looks even worse than it did when it was completely chopped off."

"It is growing in uneven patches." Fishlegs mused. "It won't look halfway decent for another few weeks."

"That's good. It's getting difficult to keep a straight face around him." Hiccup picked up a piece of bread and took a bite out of it.

"Has anyone asked him about the Hiccup Incident?" Tuffnut asked eagerly.

The small boy wrinkled his nose. "Great. Now I have an incident."

And no, thankfully. I think everyone who witnessed the event is either convinced they went crazy for a moment or is trying to forget about it altogether."

"That's good." Astrid nodded. "I think people are starting to get suspicious."

"I can't see how." Hiccup said sarcastically. "I mean, seeing boys wearing dresses is completely normal in Berk."

"Dresses that you look surprisingly good in." Astrid complimented.

"Please don't ever say that again."

"Maybe it is a good idea for us to calm the dares down a bit." Snotlout mused.

"Why can't we just stop the dare war altogether?" Fishlegs whined.

"Are you kidding? No one's refused a dare yet! We're not even close to determining a winner." Snotlout exclaimed.

"This is never ending." Fishlegs moaned.

Snotlout rolled his eyes and glanced around the hall. Beside the serving counter he spotted a barrel full of rotten fish that had yet to be tossed out. The stench was slowly starting to stink the joint up and it gave Snotlout an idea.

"Well then, Fishlegs. I guess you won't be too delighted in getting dared next."

"I definitely wouldn't." Fishlegs said feelingly.

"Too bad. It's your turn." Snotlout smirked. "I dare you to eat five rotten fish."

"Haven't I suffered enough from the time Dagur made me do it?" Fishlegs protested.

"It's either that or I get you to eat a dozen raw eggs." Snotlout challenged.

Fishlegs debated between his crummy options and decided that eating the rotten fish was the lesser of the two evils. Reluctantly, he got up and walked over to the spoiled food barrel, removing five pieces of disgusting fish.

"This is so gross." Fishlegs gagged as he rejoined his friends.

"You're telling me." Ruffnut and Tuffnut chorused, covering their noses with their hands.

"There's one more thing-if you throw up before finishing all five fish, you fail the dare. Which means you lose a chance to pass up a dare."

"But that means I'll be the one closest to losing!"

"Exactly." Snotlout grinned. "So you better eat all five."

Fishlegs plugged his nose and took a shuddering breath. He took a bite of the first fish and, despite blocking one of the most important senses in regards to eating, he could _feel _the taste on his tongue, that's how strong the stench and rottenness was.

"That is so gross." Hiccup groaned, his own stomach rolling at the very sight.

Fishlegs choked down the first fish, and the second. When he got to the third his stomach was swirling violently.

"His cheeks are turning green!" Ruffnut cried when Fishlegs started on his fourth fish.

"He's not gonna make it!" Tuffnut grinned with a mixture of amusement and sympathy, recalling his own nasty experience with eating his father's boot.

Fishlegs swallowed the fourth fish and whimpered.

"Come on, you just have one more!" Astrid urged.

Fishlegs picked the last piece of fish up and stared at it. His cheeks bulged and Hiccup yelped. "Duck and cover!"

The five teens dove under the table just in time. Fishlegs could no longer contain his bile and it spewed all over the wooden table in a grotesque mess. Snotlout whooped happily.

"Yeah! Fishlegs is down one!"

"Are you okay?" Hiccup called, reluctant to emerge from his spot.

"What...kind...of...question...is...that?" Fishlegs managed to wheeze before losing his lunch again.

"Okay, that's it. Let's try to be minimal on the dares that make us puke our guts out." Astrid said in disgust.

"Sounds good." Hiccup agreed.

"If we have to." Ruffnut sighed.

"Whatever." Tuffnut grumbled.

"...so, who's gonna clean up _this _mess?"

****Dare suggestion by AnonymousXYZ :)****

****Next chapter: In which Fishlegs dares Ruffnut****

11. Extreme Makeover: Toothless Edition

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Extreme Makeover: Toothless Edition****

"Ruffnut!"

The blonde glanced up, a bucket of fish loosely grasped in her small hands. Tuffnut paused in front of the barn that was their Zibbleback's home, turning to peer curiously at the lanky auburn-haired boy that walked towards them, his loyal Night Fury following behind.

"What's up?" Ruffnut asked.

"I just checked on Fishlegs." Hiccup informed them. "He's still battling a severe case of the stomach flu, and he wanted me to come and get you."

"Let me guess, he has a dare for me." Ruffnut arched an eyebrow knowingly.

Hiccup nodded. "Yeah. But he wouldn't tell me what it was."

Tuffnut whistled. "If Fishlegs won't spill, then it must be a good one."

"Or as good as Fishlegs' dares can be." Ruffnut rolled her eyes and chucked the bucket at her brother. Tuffnut was not prepared for the toss and toppled to the ground with the bucket firmly pressed against his chest. "Feed Barf and Belch. I'll be back soon-probably."

"Good luck," Hiccup wished and went off to visit Astrid, whose house was directly across from the Thorston siblings.

Ruffnut jogged down the slope to the Ingerman household. She threw open the door (as she shared Astrid's habit of hardly ever knocking on anyone's door) and immediately spotted a pale Fishlegs slumped on a cot by the fireplace. "You look like crap."

"I feel like it too." Fishlegs rasped. "My stomach is killing me."

"Eh, at least you ate actual food. It was only rotten. Tuffnut ate a shoe. That was mouldy. That'll come back and bite him in the butt more severely later on."

"You're probably right." Fishlegs managed to sit up. "I thought up a dare for you."

"Shoot."

"I dare you to paint Toothless pink, and do him up with makeup."

Ruffnut was impressed. "That's actually pretty a good one. Alright. I'll try and accomplish this tonight. But if I die, I'm coming back to haunt you."

"I don't think Toothless will kill you. Maim, maybe, but not kill." Fishlegs collapsed back against his pillow.

"Too bad you won't get to see this." Ruffnut mused. "It's going to be hilarious."

"I don't think my stomach can handle any laughter at the moment. Besides, there's no way Hiccup will let Toothless outside looking like...whatever you're going to make him look like."

"No one will get to see my masterpiece." Ruffnut sighed dramatically. "I better go and get the supplies, then. See you later."

"Have fun." Fishlegs called as the girl raced out of his house. "And _please _don't use anything permanent!"

...

Later that night, Tuffnut awoke to the sound of clanking metal cans and a soft curse. He sat up in his bed tiredly and squinted out the window, only to see a black sky with silver stars. He turned his head to see his sister stumbling towards the front door, paint cans and a small satchel clutched in her arms. "What are you doing?"

"Completing the stupid dare Fishlegs gave me." Ruffnut grunted, trying to get a better grip on her items. "Go back to sleep."

"What's the dare?" Tuffnut asked curiously.

"I have to paint Toothless pink and put makeup on him."

The boy immediately jumped from his bed, grabbing his helmet off the bedpost and shoving over his tangled blonde hair. "Let's go."

Ruffnut arched an eyebrow. "This is _my _dare."

"I know. There's no way Hiccup will let Toothless out when he sees what you've done, so I need to come along to see the end result." Tuffnut shoved the front door open and stepped out into the chilly night air wearing nothing except his pants and helmet. "I might even get to see Toothless tear you to shreds."

His sister rolled her eyes but did not argue. The twins walked through the silent village and to Hiccup's house. Ruffnut carefully edged the door open and the duo stepped inside.

Other than Stoick's thunderous snoring, there was no other sound.

"Okay, we have to be quiet and careful." Ruffnut whispered. "If the chief catches us, we're dead. If Toothless wakes up, we're probably dead. If Hiccup wakes up, we'll be lectured."

"I hate his lectures." Tuffnut wrinkled his nose as he and his sister tiptoed up the stairs. "They're so boring and pointless."

Ruffnut nodded in agreement. She halted on the second-to-last step and peered into the room. Toothless was slumbering on his rock bed and Hiccup was snoring softly in his own bed. The blonde girl took a deep breath and ventured further into the room. Tuffnut dropped on

the edge of Hiccup's bed, causing the boy to jerk slightly.

"Sorry," Tuffnut mouthed when Ruffnut shot him a dirty look.

Placing her supplies by Toothless, Ruffnut grabbed a paintbrush and pried open the first can. She eyed the dark pink mixture and smirked. She dunked the brush into the can and started her work quickly, wanting to get everything done before anyone in the household woke up.

Toothless did not stir as Ruffnut slathered the paint on his body. The normally dark scales were hidden under the paint coating. The girl avoided the dragon's face, since there simply wasn't enough time to wait for the paint to dry before adding the makeup.

Tuffnut quelled a snort of laughter as he observed his sister vandalize Toothless' body with an array of colours.

The Night Fury was _not_ going to be happy.

Finally, Ruffnut added a last swipe of red to Toothless' lips and got to her feet. She grabbed her supplies and motioned for Tuffnut to move, which he did. The twins hurried out of the Haddock household, only releasing their laughter when they were a safe distance away.

...

Hiccup yawned and sat up, rubbing his head. He blinked blearily against the morning sunlight and, by habit, glanced over at his dragon.

And nearly stopped breathing.

"Gack-"Was all he could sputter out as he gaped at the Night Fury.

Toothless was sloppily painted dark pink. His talons were painted green and blue, his lips red, his cheeks held a heavy layer of blush and his eyelids were a dark purple.

"Guh." Hiccup stared. "Urk."

He took a moment to gather his senses, his stunned eyes never leaving his dragon.

"_For Odin's sake! Ruffnut painted my _dragon._"

A beat of silence passed as the sentence processed through his mind.

"_RUFFNUT PAINTED MY DRAGON!_"_

The bellowed exclamation caused Toothless to jolt awake in surprise. He cooed softly in concern, wondering why his human was so worked up.

Hiccup groaned in agitation. "Oh sure, you wake up _now_. You couldn't have woken up when _Ruffnut_ was painting you pink!"_

Startled, Toothless glanced down at himself. He gave a roar of fury upon discovering that, yes, one of the blonde heathens had indeed given him a paint job.

Ooh, that girl better watch her back. But first...

The Night Fury gave Hiccup a demanding look.

Scowling, the boy shoved himself up and stormed over to the stairs. "Yeah, yeah. I'll find a way to get that junk off."

Ruffnut was _so _going to get it when it came time for him to dare someone.

****Dare suggestion by .7 :)****

****Next chapter: In which Ruffnut dares Hiccup.****

12. An Unwanted Kiss

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****An Unwanted Kiss****

Tuffnut stood outside his house, scanning the vast, snowy landscape with narrowed eyes. He had just woken up and was mildly worried upon discovering that his sister wasn't home. "I hope Toothless hasn't eaten her." He muttered allowed, trying to find the familiar blonde head. "It's not easy feeding Barf and Belch by myself."

Finally, he caught sight of a small yellow spot crouched on a grassy slope. He jogged over and found the girl lying on the cold grass, her eyes barely peeking over the edge. He followed her gaze and grinned. "Too bad no one else got to see your hard work."

Ruffnut's head snapped up. She grabbed her brother by the wrist and pulled him down to her level. "Shut up," she hissed.

Tuffnut rolled his eyes but went silent. He turned his head and watched as Hiccup frantically scrubbed the paint off of his dragon. "Do you think he knows who did it?"

"Duh! Hiccup was the one that told me Fishlegs had a dare for me, remember?"

"Ah. Right. So...are you sure it's a good idea to be so close to them right now?"

"If you keep your big mouth shut, I won't get caught and I can continue to enjoy watching Hiccup mutter under his breath like some crazy person."

Whoosh!

Tuffnut yelped as he was knocked to the side by a large, angry black beast. He sat up to see Toothless (who still had a few faint pink spots on his body) pinning his sister to the ground, his face dangerously close to hers. "Nice going, big mouth."

Hiccup appeared at the top of the slope, a paint-stained rag clutched in his hand. He glared at Ruffnut and waved the rag in the air. "A line has been crossed! Dressing dragons up is fine and all, but _painting their body? _What kind of maniac do you have to be to vandalize a poor dragon like that?!"

"Give me a break," Ruffnut rasped, trying to keep the courage to stare into Toothless' burning green eyes. "This is a Night Fury! He isn't _poor _in the least. If he wasn't such a heavy sleeper he would have woke up and stopped me."

"_You painted him pink!_"

"It was a very complimenting colour."

Toothless growled, pushing his claw onto her chest. Not enough to harm her but enough to get the point across-he was _not _happy.

"Hiccup, your dragon is killing me!" Ruffnut squeaked, trying half-heartedly to remove the heavy weight.

"Wouldn't you want to kill the person who painted you pink?"

"Tuffnut, do something!"

Tuffnut snorted. "Um, yeah, I'm not _that _stupid."

Ruffnut let out a strangled gasp as the weight increased. "Okay! Okay! I'm sorry for painting you pink! It won't happen again! Please don't kill me!"

Somewhat satisfied, Toothless roared in her face for good measure and stormed off. Hiccup cast one more glare at Ruffnut before going back to washing his dragon. Ruffnut lay in the grass, stunned, for a moment before slowly getting to her feet. "Well. That went...eh."

"That was exciting." Tuffnut smirked. "Now let's go feed our dragon before we feed ourselves."

...

"Fishlegs, something is wrong with you."

The husky boy turned red as Hiccup dropped on the bench beside him. "Well, it was the only dare I could think of! And I thought it'd be funny...was it funny?"

"Hilarious." Hiccup bit out. "It took thirty minutes to get the stupid paint off, or at least most of it. There's still some stuck to his talons."

"What's up, losers?"

The two glanced up to see Snotlout sauntering towards them. The boy sat across from Hiccup and stole a piece of ham from the skinny boy's plate. "Ruffnut painted Toothless pink." Fishlegs informed.

Snotlout broke into a coughing fit, causing Fishlegs to lean over the table and whack him on the back. The piece of ham dislodged from his throat and splattered to the table. Ignoring the looks of disgust Snotlout burst into laughter. "No way! Where is he?"

"I cleaned him off." Hiccup said shortly. "There was no way I was letting him out in public and there was no way he was _letting _me let him out in public."

"I wish I could have seen him."

"It was the funniest thing I've ever seen."

The twins sat on the bench with Snotlout. The dark-haired boy frowned. "You got to see him?" He asked Tuffnut.

"Yeah. I went with her so I could see the final result. It was hilarious." Tuffnut snickered.

"I'm glad everyone is amused." Hiccup rolled his eyes. He cast a glance around the Great Hall and frowned slightly. "Where's Astrid?"

"What's the matter? Missing your girlfriend?" Ruffnut jeered.

Hiccup blushed. "She's not my girlfriend! At least, not officially. There's definitely something there, though."

Ruffnut scowled and glared at the tabletop. Her crush on Hiccup would never become anything serious-she could admit that. There really was no way she could compete with the bombshell beauty.

But...she _could _satisfy herself...just once.

Ruffnut smirked evilly and looked at Hiccup. "I dare you to kiss me."

Hiccup's fork clattered to his plate. His eyes grew wide. "What?!"

"I dare you to kiss me. For a minute."

"No!"

"Then you refuse a dare." Ruffnut narrowed her eyes. "And insult me in the process."

"I don't mean it like that, I just-"

"Astrid's not here. These guys won't say anything." She gave the others a deadly glare. "And you might want to save that pass for the gruesome dares yet to come."

Hiccup hesitated. "Are you _sure _you don't have another dare in mind?"

"Nope. Pucker up, pretty boy."

Hiccup screwed his eyes shut and leaned forwards. Ruffnut quickly

closed the distance and eagerly pressed her lips against his.

"Ugh, I'm gonna puke." Tuffnut covered his eyes.

"This is awkward." Fishlegs muttered, turning away as Ruffnut grabbed Hiccup's face.

Hiccup kept his mouth firmly closed. The sensation he was feeling was nothing like the one he got when kissing Astrid-as Fishlegs said, it was just awkward.

Ruffnut finally pulled away after a minute and Hiccup dropped in his seat, wiping his lips frantically on his sleeve and trying not to gag.

"There." Ruffnut said cheerfully. "That wasn't so bad."

"Um...I think one of you is going to die." Snotlout whispered, gesturing subtly towards the wooden doors.

There, standing in the entryway, was Astrid, her mouth agape and eyes staring in horror, disgust and fury at Hiccup and Ruffnut.

****Dare suggested by Cottonmouth25 :)****

****Next chapter: In which Hiccup dares Tuffnut.****

****Onto round three!****

13. Off With Her Braids!

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Off With Her Braids!****

"Astrid, wait! It was just a dare!" Hiccup cried for the umpteenth time, his prosthetic frantically scraping against the stone as he tried desperately to climb higher and away from the blonde's angry wrath.

Astrid glowered up at him, her hands fisted by her sides. "And you couldn't just take a pass?"

"Well, I want to have my passes for the really gross dares."

Even he knew that was a stupid thing to say.

"So kissing Ruffnut isn't gross, then?" Astrid hissed. She braced one boot on the wall and hoisted herself up an inch. Hiccup cursed his stupidity and peered warily down at her.

"It's not like kissing you," he tried meekly. "No stars, no butterflies in the stomach..."

Astrid faltered and glanced up at the boy with narrowed eyes. Sensing he was on the right track, he continued. "It was a kiss that meant nothing. A kiss that will never amount to anything because it doesn't mean anything."

"...do it again and your pretty little head will be chopped off by my axe." Astrid threatened. She dropped back to the ground and Hiccup cautiously made his way down.

As soon as he was beside the girl, Astrid reared back and punched him in the shoulder. Hiccup stumbled back a few steps, his face twisted up with pain. "You deserved that." Astrid snapped. "And you better do something to get back at Ruffnut."

"Can't you wait for your turn?" Hiccup asked, rubbing his shoulder. He shrunk back at the heated glare she sent him and raised his hands in surrender. "Yeah, yeah. I'll think of something..."

"Good." Astrid smiled with satisfaction and gave Hiccup a quick kiss on the lips. "I'm off to feed Stormfly. See you later!"

Hiccup watched Astrid skip off and let out a relieved sigh. He walked down the grassy slope in search of Tuffnut. He recalled something Astrid had said a few weeks ago, the sly mention of daring Tuffnut to cut off his long blonde locks. He figured Astrid would be content with seeing Ruffnut's signature braids hacked off.

Hiccup found Tuffnut lounging on the docks, his bare feet hanging in the water. "Hey, Tuffnut."

Tuffnut glanced up and smirked. "Hey, Lover Boy. Nice to see you're still alive."

"Well, it was just a dare. Astrid understood." Hiccup shrugged, pretending as if he didn't nearly get his head bitten off by the spirited girl. "How's Ruffnut?"

"Nursing a black eye at home." Tuffnut answered. "It was pretty funny. After she dragged Ruffnut outside, she punched her out. And then she went after you."

"Is Ruffnut okay?" Hiccup asked worriedly, not wanting a rivalry to emerge between the two friends.

"She's fine. She knows how to take a punch. Thor knows I've given her enough of them."

"How about haircuts?"

Tuffnut froze. He stared at Hiccup with wide eyes. "What?"

"I dare you to cut off Ruffnut's braids." Hiccup said, feeling only a little bad.

"Pass."

Stunned, Hiccup gaped at the boy. "Seriously?"

"Look, I know my sister and I do some pretty horrible stuff to each other, but that's like an unwritten boundary." Tuffnut explained. "We don't mess with each other's hair. Someone else can cross that line. I gotta live with the girl and if I do it I'll never hear the end of it-and she'll probably kill me." Tuffnut sliced his finger across his throat for emphasis.

"Makes sense," Hiccup said finally. "See you later, Tuff."

The boy set off with a slight frown on his face. He hadn't counted on Tuffnut passing up the dare. Tuffnut was a daily punching bag for Ruffnut and vice versa, so he didn't think much of sending her brother to do the dirty deed.

"Well, either way, she's going to come after me for issuing the dare." Hiccup said aloud. "Might as well have Astrid around to defend me against her wrath."

He walked over to the Hofferson household and found the blonde feeding Stormfly some chicken. "Hey, Astrid."

"Miss me already?" Astrid teased.

"Yeah. Uh...I dare you to cut off Ruffnut's braids."

Astrid stared at Hiccup in surprise for a moment before a wide grin curled across her face. "Oh yeah. I can totally do that."

"Just her braids," Hiccup said hastily. "Not all her hair."

"Oh, don't worry. I'm not that cruel." Astrid assured the boy. "You do realize the dares she'll have for us in revenge will be ten times worse than cutting off hair, right?"

"I know." Hiccup muttered. "But you said you wanted something to get back at Ruffnut. Here it is."

"I'll do it tonight." Astrid promised.

"This will end well..."Hiccup muttered.

...

At midnight, Astrid slipped out of her house and over to the Thorston household. She opened the door and tiptoed across the hardwood, a pair of small shears in hand. Tuffnut and Ruffnut were both snoring soundly in their beds, and not a force on Earth would wake them up.

Astrid bent down by Ruffnut's bed and carefully removed the various pieces of string that held the thick braids together. When all the ties were out Astrid hovered the shears a few inches below the girl's shoulder and snapped the shears together. With a metallic _clink _the blades closed together and the hair fell to the floor like a yellow snake. Astrid copied the process with the other side and then ran her fingers through the creased ends, finishing Ruffnut's new hairdo.

"Enjoy your new look," Astrid whispered. "You're going to have it for a while!"

And with a sly grin, she headed back out into the night.

...

The morning sun broke through the darkness, rousing Ruffnut awake. The girl grumbled in annoyance and sat up, tiredly rubbing her eyes.

A sudden frown crossed her features when she noticed that something felt different. Her head felt...lighter somehow.

She twisted around to step on the floor and spotted two blonde braids on the hardwood floor. An icy feeling swept through her veins and she went rigid. A dozen swear words raced through her mind, and with great reluctance she reached a hand up and ran her fingers through her blonde locks.

Blonde locks that now ended just below her shoulders.

"_AAAGGGHHH!"_

****Dare suggestion by Messier42 :)****

****Next chapter: In which Ruffnut dares Fishlegs.****

14. Off With His Foot!

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Off With His Foot!****

Hiccup fidgeted in his seat, casting nervous glances at the Great Hall doors every so often. It was relatively late in the morning and Ruffnut had yet to burst through the wooden doors, shouting curses and waving an axe in the air. "Tuffnut, are you _sure _your sister is alright?"

Tuffnut glanced up from his eggs, an amused look on his face. "Dude, you dared Astrid to cut off her trademark braids. Of course she isn't alright!"

"She deserved it," Astrid grumbled, tearing off a piece of her bread. "And besides, her hair will grow back."

"Yeah, at the speed of a snail." Snotlout snorted. "She's really going to kill you guys."

"Hiccup was the one who dared me." Astrid defended. "And I never back down from a challenge."

Hiccup gaped at her. "Whoa! So now you're putting the blame on _me_? You know, I don't recall getting so jealous when _you _kissed Snotlout."

"Ooh!" Snotlout laughed. "He burned you!"

Astrid went still. Hiccup cursed his big mouth, even though he knew what he said was true. "Look, all I'm saying is that it isn't fair for you to put the blame on me when _you _were the one who wanted revenge."

"And that makes me a terrible person, huh?" Astrid snapped, glaring at Hiccup angrily. "Wanting Ruffnut to know what happens when she uses the dares to make a move on my man makes me a horrible human being, right?"

"Kind of." Snotlout replied before Hiccup could open his mouth. "You heard the dude. He was fine when you kissed me on a dare. You're the one who flipped out when the tables were turned."

Astrid flipped her plate into the air, sending food flying everywhere. The blonde got up and stormed out of the hall. Hiccup burrowed his face in his hands with a groan. "I _just _got her to stop being mad at me yesterday."

"Well, you did have a good point." Fishlegs said hesitantly. "It wasn't really fair of her to get mad at you when you didn't get mad at her."

"Right now, I think Astrid is the least of your worries." Tuffnut remarked, peering over Hiccup's shoulder.

The lanky boy froze when a hand clamped tightly on his shoulder. "Have you come to kill me?" He asked weakly.

The response was a slap across the head. Hiccup yelped and rubbed the sore spot as Ruffnut sauntered around to the other side of the table and took a seat beside her brother. Her hair hung just below her shoulders, the length not even long enough for her to put it in a ponytail.

"You'll get what's coming to you in due time." Ruffnut bit out, grabbing her brother's plate and stabbing the fish furiously. "And when I say in due time, I mean _really _soon."

Hiccup gulped and shrunk in his seat.

"So, who was the person who did the dirty deed?"

Hiccup remained silent, despite his earlier remark to Astrid that it was not fair for him to take all the blame in this situation.

Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "Whatever. I have a pretty good idea of who it is, anyway."

"You probably do." Hiccup muttered. "I better get going. I have some, uh, things to do."

The boy jumped from his seat and raced out of the hall. The second he was gone, Ruffnut turned to Fishlegs and pointed a fork at him. "I dare you to steal Hiccup's prosthetic foot and hide it."

A silence descended over the table. Fishlegs gaped at the girl for a moment before squeaking, "Isn't that kind of cruel?"

Ruffnut shot him an unimpressed look and gestured to her choppy hair. Fishlegs swallowed. "Oh. Right. Um...I pass."

Ruffnut threw her hands in the air. "Seriously?! You're wasting a pass on _this_?"

"I can't do that to Hiccup!" Fishlegs defended.

"Oh! Oh! I'll do it!" Snotlout waved his hand eagerly.

"Fine," Ruffnut agreed. "Just don't hide it _too _hard. He does need it to walk, after all."

"No problem." Snotlout got up and cracked his knuckles. "I'll do it right now."

"Are you sure about that?" Fishlegs asked, picturing the wrath of Stoick if Snotlout was witnessed ambushing Hiccup and running off with his prosthetic.

"Totally. I'm stealth. No one but Hiccup will notice a thing."

"Of course Hiccup will notice, stupid. You'll be taking his _foot_." Ruffnut rolled her eyes.

Snotlout raced out of the hall and into the morning light. He squinted against the sun and peered around the village in search for the familiar lanky frame. He jogged down the slope and hurried over to Hiccup's house and rapped on the door.

Stoick opened it and Snotlout smiled innocently. "Have you seen Hiccup?"

"Isn't he in the hall with you kids?" Stoick asked, absentmindedly rubbing his uneven beard.

"He was, but he left. I was wondering if he came back home but I guess not." Snotlout backed up. "I'll check someplace else."

"Alright then." Stoick inclined his head and Snotlout took off, running across the dewy grass in search for his cousin. He spotted the boy standing on the Hofferson porch, talking to someone through the closed door.

"Should have guessed," Snotlout snorted and jogged up to the boy. "What's up, cuz?"

Hiccup paused in his pleading for Astrid to open the door to glare at Snotlout in annoyance. "Trying to get the girl I like very much to let me in." He said flatly.

"Well, you like you've been standing for a while. Why not take a rest?"

Before Hiccup could blink he was on his back on the wooden porch and Snotlout was racing away, his prosthetic foot clutched under his arm. Hiccup gaped after his cousin and stared at the place where foot should have been before scowling and hauling himself to one foot.

"What was that?" Astrid asked, finally opening the door to see what the source of the _thump _was.

"Snotlout took my foot." Hiccup said through gritted teeth, wobbling slightly. He started hopping after his cousin and Astrid watched for a moment, torn between amusement and annoyance at the Jorgenson boy.

"Do you need some help?" She called after him.

Hiccup paused and turned his head slightly. "If you're willing to offer it, yes."

Astrid closed the door behind her and jogged over to Hiccup. She looped an arm around his shoulders and helped him along. "I'm sorry about earlier." She muttered. "You do have a point. It wasn't fair of me to get mad at you when I did the same thing first."

"It's okay." Hiccup smiled, relieved that she was no longer angry with him.

Just as they started walking by the Haddock household, Stoick stepped out and spotted his son. "Hiccup! Snotlout was looking for-" He stopped, noticing his missing prosthetic foot. "What happened?" He demanded.

"A big, savage beast snatched my foot and took off." Hiccup answered as they continued along. "Don't worry about it, I'll get it back."

"Oh, Hiccup! What happened to you?"

Hiccup did not bother to turn his head. "Well, Ruffnut, my foot seems to be missing."

Astrid shot a look at the girl, who was watching them from the Great Hall stairs. "I don't suppose you've seen a giant, lumbering beast recently?"

Ruffnut's lips quirked upwards. "As a matter of fact, he just passed by here. Have fun chasing him down."

Stoick flicked his gaze from the Thorston girl to his son. A suspicious frown crossed his face as he watched Hiccup limp away, hanging onto Astrid for support.

He had a feeling that Snotlout's sudden search for his son, Ruffnut's now short hair and Hiccup's missing foot were all connected somehow.

And if those things also happened to connect with his misshapen beard, then Thor help them.

...

"They're staring at me," Hiccup muttered.

Astrid helped the boy down to the docks, where Snotlout had last been seen. Sure enough, their fellow tribe members were staring at Hiccup with a mixture of confusion and concern. "It's okay!" She assured them. "We'll get his prosthetic foot back soon!"

"Of all days for Toothless to be off doing who-knows-what with the other dragons." Hiccup complained.

"We can go find him, if you want. He's probably near the cove."

"My leg is already killing me. I will not last a walk that far and I want to keep what's left of my dignity intact, so no piggyback

rides." Hiccup squinted to the end of the docks and spotted something glinting in the water. "He didn't!"

But Snotlout did.

Floating a short distance away was a small wooden boat. Inside the boat Hiccup could clearly see his prosthetic foot. He shot Astrid a pitiful glance. The blonde sighed and let go of Hiccup. "Alright. It's the least I can do."

She dove into the water and bit her lip against the frigidness. She swam as quickly as she could towards the boat and climbed in. Teeth chattering, Astrid rowed the boat back to the dock and handed Hiccup his prosthetic.

"Thank you!" Hiccup gladly took it and snapped it into place. "I wonder how Snotlout got back here without swimming."

"In a rare show of intelligence, he probably took two small boats." Astrid said flatly, rubbing her arms.

Hiccup looped an arm around her shoulders and gave her a squeeze. "Let's get you some warm soup from the Great Hall."

"You just want people to see me soaking wet."

"Well, I've been hobbling around the village for over two hours." Hiccup pointed out. "I think some embarrassment on your part isn't too much to ask."

Astrid rolled her eyes good-naturedly. "Whatever. You going to get Toothless to smite Snotlout when he returns?"

"Oh, big time."

****This dare was requested by quite a few people.****

****Next chapter: In which Snotlout dares Tuffnut.****

15. Snake in an Outhouse

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Snake in an Outhouse****

Snotlout limped up the slop leading the Thorston household, his backside burning. "Stupid Hiccup." He grumbled. "Sending his dang Night Fury on my butt for embarrassing him in front of the whole village. Who does he think he is?"

"I thought I smelt something burning. For a minute, I thought it was your brain."

Snotlout craned his head upwards and squinted at the twins, who were peering down at him from their roof. "Ha ha. Very funny. I'll have you know I can't sit for a week."

Ruffnut shrugged, a smirk playing across her lips. "Better Toothless than Chief."

"She's got a point." Tuffnut nodded. "So what brings you to our humble abode?"

The Jorgenson boy arched an eyebrow. He glanced at the crooked stable and droopy roof before giving a soft snort. "It's humble alright."

"At least our dragon doesn't blow our roof up every month." Ruffnut retorted.

"She's got you there." Tuffnut agreed.

Annoyed, sore and in the mood to see one of his friends perform embarrassing and possibly life-threatening tasks, Snotlout declared, "I dare Tuffnut to dump some spiders and snakes in the outhouse when Chief is using it."

Tuffnut gaped as Ruffnut burst into laughter. "Why are you daring me? She's the reason Hiccup sent Toothless on you!"

"No dare backs." Snotlout cast the female twin a frown. "But her time will come."

"Hasn't it come already?" Ruffnut asked, her mirth quickly evaporating as she ran her fingers through her choppy blonde locks.

"It'll come again." Snotlout corrected himself. "You got by tonight, Tuffnut. Or else you forfeit a pass."

Tuffnut groaned as Snotlout hobbled off. "Great. This isn't going to end well."

"For me it is." A dreamy smile crossed Ruffnut's face and she rested her chin in her hands. "I'll finally be an only child."

Scowling, Tuffnut shoved his sibling off of the roof. Ruffnut shrieked in shock as she tumbled into the hay bales below. "Whoops," Tuffnut drawled. "Didn't see you there."

Ruffnut screamed expletives and Tuffnut took his cue to leave, stumbling down the side of the roof and jumping to the long grass below. Cackling, the boy ran all the way to the grazing fields, which was often a home for snakes and spiders.

"Come out, come out, come out wherever you are." Tuffnut cooed, picking his way through the field and poking around with a stick. "Come on little snakey! I just want to use you to scare the Thor out of someone."

Someone who will probably banish me if I'm caught.

"_Hiss!_"

A long, green-brown snake darted out, catching Tuffnut by the ankle. Tuffnut yelped in pain and pried the snake off of his skin, holding the thrashing reptile out at arm's length. "Oh, I am hurt. I am very much hurt."

Gingerly, Tuffnut put weight on his ankle and was relieved when he could still walk. Two small bits of blood slid down his exposed skin before disappearing into his boot. Tuffnut looked around and spotted a basket resting against the barn. He put the snake inside the shut the lid firmly.

"Okay, got the snake. Now for the spiders."

Tuffnut left the basket by the edge of the barn and opened the massive wooden doors. It was dark, musty and smelled absolutely disgusting.

"If this is what smelling like a barn is, then maybe I'll do people a favour and take a bath." Tuffnut gagged, pinching his nose with one hand. He checked the deepest corners of the barn and, when there was no arachnid in sight, he checked the loft. "Pay dirt!"

A nest of dozens of black spiders scuttled around the wooden beams. Tuffnut grabbed a metal bucket hanging from a rusted nail and started shoving handfuls of spiders in, being careful not to squish them.

Satisfied, Tuffnut raced out of the barn and grabbed the basket containing the snake. The boy ran to the wooden outhouse that was nearest to the Haddock household. He parked himself behind the stall, placed the bucket and basket beside him, and waited.

And waited.

And waited.

When darkness fell Tuffnut grew annoyed. "What kind of guy goes this long without using the bathroom?" He hissed to himself. "I don't want to stay here all night. My foot is going numb! And-I'm talking to myself. Great. I'm turning into Hiccup-a lunatic."

The sound of crunching twigs caught his attention and Tuffnut clamped his mouth shut. He peeked out from behind the outhouse and watched as a hulking figure opened the door and entered. Tuffnut quickly grabbed the snake and spiders and heaved them over the side of the stall.

"_AAAGGH! Thor almighty! What's going-? OUCH! AAAGGGH!_"

Tuffnut paled. He knew that scream very well-it wasn't Stoick.

It was Gobber.

Tuffnut turned to run. But instead of taking off like a shot like he normally did in such situations he crumpled to the ground. Surprised, he glanced over his shoulder to see that his ankle had not simply fallen asleep. It had gone numb.

It had gone numb because his ankle had swollen to twice its size and turned into a blue-purple colour. It was the same ankle the snake had bitten.

Tuffnut was allergic to the snake bite.

But as a deadly growl cut through the night air, Tuffnut glanced up

at the spider-bite covered Gobber and could not help but think that his damaged ankle was his biggest problem that evening.

"You have one chance to give me a good, solid reason as to why you did this." Gobber said in a dangerously soft voice, holding the now-dead snake in his meaty hands.

Tuffnut swallowed thickly, unable to come up with a response.

"I'm. Waiting." Gobber growled, bending closer to the Thorston boy.

It were these moments in life, where Tuffnut was backed into a corner with no means of escape, with no reasonable excuse or a route of denial, that he used the last weapon in his arsenal.

"Umâ€¦it's Ruffnut's fault?"

****Dare idea by EmmerzK.****

****Next chapter: In which Tuffnut dares Fishlegs.****

16. Ambush of the Disgusting Kind

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Ambush of the Disgusting Kind****

"Ow. Ow. I am hurt. I am very much hurt."

Ruffnut rolled her eyes and scowled when her brother put all his weight on her, his human crutch. The girl grunted as he slouched against her, eyes half-lidded and ankle hanging just above the ground. "Dude, you are such a wimp!"

"Excuse me." Tuffnut said indigently. "Not only did I get a reaction to the snake bite, Gobber forced me to spend all of last night sharpening axes and swords. My hands are completely messed up."

Sure enough, the white bandages that covered his ankle matched the ones wrapped firmly around his hands. Ruffnut let out a huff of breath, tempted to just drop her brother and leave him thrashing in the wet morning grass.

Unfortunately she had been given strict orders from her parents to make sure Tuffnut did not aggravate his injuries.

"I am so gonna get Snotlout back next round." Tuffnut growled. His ankle gave a throb and he let out a whine. "Are we there yet?"

Ruffnut paused, a few feet away from the steps leading to the Great Hall, which had become the daily meeting place for the group of Viking teens. She glared. "I'm the one who's carrying someone who looks and smells like an ox. You also weigh as much as one. So excuse me if I'm not moving fast enough for your liking."

The girl hauled her brother up the steps and into the hall. She dragged him over to the table where the rest of their friends were

sitting and dumped him beside Snotlout. "There. Happy?"

"No." Tuffnut pouted and glowered at Snotlout. "You, sir, will get yours."

"Actually, I won't." Snotlout grinned smugly. "You are out of the game. You used a pass when Hiccup dared you to cut off Ruffnut's braids and you failed this one."

"But I got someone!" Tuffnut protested. "It wasn't the Chief, but it was someone _close _to him."

"Doesn't count." Snotlout smirked. "So I guess you went through all that for nothing."

"I hate you." Tuffnut growled.

"I really think you guys should stop this." Fishlegs said. "I mean, someone's gonna really get hurt."

"_You don't say?" _Tuffnut snapped, raising his damaged ankle and waving it in the air.

"And what do you mean, _you guys_?" Snotlout demanded. "You're a part of this too."

"Actually, I'm not." Fishlegs could not help but sigh with relief. "I'm out of the game too. I failed the dare with the rotten fish and I passed on the one to steal Hiccup's prosthetic."

"You are a good friend, Fishlegs." Hiccup complimented, casting a frown at Snotlout.

"So you're out?" Tuffnut exclaimed.

"I'm out." Fishlegs confirmed.

"But I was gonna dare you next!" Tuffnut slammed his fist down on the wooden table. "This is just not my week. Wait, am I even allowed to dare someone?"

"Sure." Ruffnut shrugged. "Why not? It'll make things more interesting if those who are out of the game can still give out dares."

Astrid rested her chin in her hands. "Sounds good to me. And I think we all figured that Fishlegs would be the first to get out. Tuffnut, on the other hand, never figured he'd be the second one out."

"Neither did I." Tuffnut grouched.

"I think I might follow their lead." Hiccup muttered under his breath. "Before one of you kills me."

"Good idea!" Tuffnut pointed a finger at the scrawny boy. "I was gonna give this dare to Fishlegs, but since he's out I guess I'll give it to you."

"You really don't have to-"

"I dare you to bungee jump off of Toothless and ambush the next Viking that takes a bath in the hot springs."

Hiccup was sorely tempted to drive a fork through an eye-whether it was his or Tuffnut's didn't really matter. "Gack?"

"Yes." Tuffnut leaned back and smiled with pride. "I did come up with that all by myself."

"Ambush them with what?" Hiccup cried. "My fists? Like that's gonna go over well."

Hiccup immediately regretted bringing up this point when a wicked smile crossed Tuffnut's features. "You're going to ambush themâ€¦with dragon poo." He whispered.

A chorus of _oh snap! _and _he went there! _erupted from the group of teens. Hiccup paled and slunk in his seat.

"Well. I'm dead."

â€¦

It was late in the afternoon when Hiccup mounted Toothless with a bucket of foul-smelling ammo and a rope attached to his waist, the other end hooked to Toothless' saddle.

Toothless snarled with disgust, hitting the bucket with his wing. _Why are you bringing _that_?_

"Yeah, I know, it's disgusting." Hiccup slipped his foot into the pedal. "But it's my fault, really. I'm the one who wanted friends."

_It wouldn't be so bad if your friends weren't insane. _Toothless thought, obeying the nudge Hiccup gave him and taking off into the air.

They flew over the forest and towards the hot springs, which were a group of circular pools that were lined by white rocks. It was quite a trek to get there and most Vikings without dragons didn't feel the need to walk such a ways in order to take a bath.

But, as was Hiccup's luck, he could distantly make out a figure relaxing in one of the pools below. Hiccup's eyes strayed to the cliffs arching over the area, spotting Snotlout and Hookfang watching from the lip of the cliff, unnoticed by the Viking below.

"Great. We have an audience." Hiccup muttered.

Then a thought struck him. How would Snotlout know a Viking would be taking a bath at that very moment?

The answer hit when Toothless hovered close enough for Hiccup to get a good look.

It was Spitelout.

"Lovely. I'm about to douse my uncle with dragon poo." Hiccup

groaned.

Spitelout's eyes were closed, his face turned upwards to the shining sun. Hiccup slowly stood up and removed his foot from the pedal, making sure to keep it in position so that Toothless would be able to fly even after his rider had jumped off. "Will you attend my funeral?"

Of course. I'll even light the funeral pyre.

"Here goes nothing." Hiccup swallowed nervously, closed his eyes, and jumped.

The air sailed through his messy brown hair, the contents of the bucket dangerously close to flying up into Hiccup's face. The second the rope grew taut Hiccup upended the bucket, dumping the disgusting contents all over Spitelout.

Snap!

The rope snapped, sending Hiccup crashing into the water. Spitelout's screams of horror were quickly overtaken by Hiccup's screams of panic. The boy jumped out of the pool and ran like mad into the forest, water dripping from his clothes.

"_You little punk! You disgusting cretin! Come back and show yourself so I can rip you apart!" _Spitelout screamed, dunking his head and frantically trying to clean the dragon poo off of him. When he got most of it off, he tore from the hot spring and chased after his assailant.

Snotlout's screams of laughter and Toothless' disgusted growling were covered up by the angry roars of one Spitelout Jorgenson.

****Dare suggestion by Cottonmouth25.****

****Next chapter: In which Hiccup dares Astrid. Hmmâ€|this should be interesting.****

****So Fishlegs and Tuffnut are out, as they both used their two passes. They can still give out dares, however. They can also be a part of double dares-dares that take place with two people. After all, what fun would it be if they just sat back and watched?
:p****

17. Yakking Up Yaknog

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****Yakking Up Yaknog****

"Dude, if my old man ever finds out what you've done, he'll _kill you."

This was said rather gleefully by Snotlout, who was lounging in the grass, watching Hiccup as he fed Toothless. Hiccup tossed a glare over his shoulder, dark bags under his eyes from the sleepless night of worrying over his uncle and what would happen if he was ever found out.

"Thank you. That makes me feel so much better." Hiccup grumbled, dropping a bucket of fish in front of his Night Fury. "And thanks for bringing Toothless back for me." He added, this time with genuine sincerity in his voice.

Snotlout gave a dismissive shrug. "Well, I couldn't just leave him stuck flying in one spot. You might not have been back for hours. Or at all, if Dad got his hands on you."

"Do you know how hard it is to run through the forest with this thing?" Hiccup demanded, sticking out his prosthetic foot. "There's roots to snap it off and mud to get stuck in." He paused for a moment before allowing a small smile to cross his face. "But I guess it was worth it. Spitelout's face was priceless."

Toothless growled. _I wish he would have caught you. Maybe it would have taught you not to be so stupid._

Hiccup patted Toothless' head. "Don't worry, Toothless. I promise not to involve you in any more dares."

_False promise. Two buckets of fish says I'll be in a dress within the next few weeks. _Toothless snorted in disbelief, got up and waddled away.

"Great. Now Toothless is mad at me."

"He'll get over it." Snotlout said airily. "After all, it's not like you threw the poo in his face."

"If it had been him I would be dead right now." Hiccup said flatly.

"That's true." Snotlout agreed. "Come on, let's grab some grub. I'm starved."

The two cousins walked to the Great Hall and piled their wooden plates with meat. At their usual table sat the rest of the teen Vikings and the boys joined them.

"Glad to see you're still alive." Astrid smiled playfully.

"Barely." Hiccup sighed. "I don't know how much more of this I can take."

"You're doing great so far." Astrid said encouragingly. She punched his arm affectionately. "Besides, you have yet to give _me _a dare."

Hiccup choked on his ham, turning a stunned gaze to the blonde bombshell across from him. Astrid leaned her elbows on the table and arched an eyebrow challengingly, a smirk curling across her lips.

"Uhâ€|uhâ€|" Hiccup stuttered. "I wouldn't know what toâ€|what toâ€|"

"What's the matter? Chicken?" Snotlout mocked, flapping his arms in imitation of a chicken flapping its wings.

"Lay it on me, Hiccup. I can take anything." Astrid said firmly. "And you better not take it easy on me just because I'm the girl you like."

Hiccup rubbed the back of his neck, trying to desperately to think of a dare that wouldn't be too harsh and yet wouldn't sic Astrid on his butt for being too tame. And then it hit him.

"I dare you to drink five mugs of your Yaknog."

Astrid opened her mouth, about to angrily declare that he was being too soft, when her friends cackled and cheered. "What?" She demanded, having the feeling she was missing something.

"Oh, you'll see." Tuffnut snickered.

"Why don't you go make up your special Yaknog?" Ruffnut grinned. "After all, it's not fair if you don't get to taste your own creation."

Astrid swivelled her head between her friends, frowned suspiciously and stood up. "You guys are weird." She griped and stormed off to make her holiday concoction.

"You know," Tuffnut voiced after the girl had stepped out of the Hall. "I am going to be extremely disappointed and disgusted if she actually _likes _her drink."

â€|

About a half-hour later Astrid appeared back in the nearly empty Hall with a wooden tray piled with mugs of frothing Yaknog. She placed the tray on the table and picked up the first mug. "So all I have to do is drink all five?"

"All five." Hiccup confirmed. "If you don't, you fail and forfeit a pass."

Astrid eyed the mug for a moment. "Piece of cake." She declared and took a large swig.

And immediately spewed it back out.

Astrid pressed a hand over her mouth, holding back her bile as her taste buds screamed in protest. Her holiday drink was the most disgusting thing she had ever had in her life. "Why didn't you tell me it was nasty?" She rasped.

"Didn't want to hurt your feelings." Hiccup admitted.

"Come on, Princess. You have five of these things to go through." Snotlout smirked. "Drink up."

Astrid took a deep breath, closed her eyes and downed the first mug. It tasted like sweat and rotten fish, causing her stomach to roll and her face to turn green. Gagging, Astrid slammed the first mug down and went for the second one, figuring it would be easier if she drank all the mugs rapid succession.

But when she hit the fourth mug, her stomach won the battle.

Twisting on her heel, Astrid sprinted for the nearest barrel and hurled the Yaknog back up.

"Oh, gross. She just barfed all over this week's supply of fish." Snotlout groaned.

"Awesome." Tuffnut and Ruffnut breathed.

"Are you okay?" Hiccup called, torn between amusement and concern.

"It tastes worse the second time around." Astrid moaned, slumped against the barrel. "I can't do the fifth one. You jerks win."

Hiccup retrieved a cloth from one of the tables and brought it over to Astrid. He wiped her face clean with it and helped her to her feet. "Astrid, I hate to tell you this, but your Yaknog is disgusting."

"I greatly dislike you right now." Astrid mumbled, leaning her head on his chest.

"That's funny." Hiccup mused, wrapping his arms around her waist. "Because I greatly like you right now."

Their shared moment was quickly shattered when Tuffnut screamed, "Get a room!"

****The dare of Astrid drinking Yaknog was suggested by quite a few people.****

****Next chapter: In which Astrid dares Ruffnut.****

****Recap: Astrid, Ruffnut, Hiccup and Snotlout are still in the competition. Tuffnut and Fishlegs are out, but can intervene at any time to give dares and participate in double dares, but they won't win the dare contest. ****

18. An Explosive Snoggletog

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.****

****An Explosive Snoggletog****

"I think I have frostbite on my spleen."

Astrid arched an eyebrow at Hiccup's declaration and turned to glance at the skinny boy. Hiccup had his arms wrapped tightly around his torso, a pout on his face and his helmet sagging over his forehead. It was not often Hiccup wore the headgear his father had given him, as he feared that he might lose it. But the weather on this particular Snoggletog season was close to being deadly and Hiccup needed his breastplate helmet to keep his ears from freezing off.

"Well, it's definitely colder than it usually is." Astrid agreed. "I tried to take my axe off of the wall this morning for practice and it was stuck there. The ice had frozen it to the wood."

Hiccup let out a sigh and watched as his breath formed a cloud in the air in front of him. "Do you think there's a place out there where there's sun all year round?"

"Yeah, it's called paradise and it doesn't exist." Astrid said with a wistful frown. "But we can dream."

"Dude, that is _so _gonna hurt."

The two teens swivelled their heads upon hearing the gleeful exclamation. They were greeted by the sight of Tuffnut with his tongue stuck to a metal pole. Ruffnut and Snotlout were laughing hysterically, leaning against each other to keep from collapsing into the drifts of snow.

"Uh, I thought it was my turn to dare somebody." Astrid spoke up as she and Hiccup approached their friends.

"It is. But since when does Tuffnut need an excuse to do something stupid?" Snotlout asked with a wide grin.

Astrid thought this over. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but good point."

"Come on, it's Snoggletog." Hiccup said in exasperation. "Can't you guys be nice to each other for one week without taunting someone to do something idiotic?"

Ruffnut jerked her thumb at her brother. "It was his idea."

"Oh. Iâ€¦I honestly don't know what to say to that."

"Best not to say anything." Astrid advised. She walked up to Tuffnut and studied him. The tip of his tongue was firmly attached to the metal and the Thorston boy was obviously uncomfortable. He shot the blonde a pleading glance and Astrid felt a stab of pity. "Sorry, Tuff. But we're going to have to yank you free."

Tuffnut whimpered in response. Astrid grabbed hold of his waist and Hiccup offered his hand. "Here, you can squeeze it if the pain gets really bad. It might help a bit."

Normally a person who lived for pain, Tuffnut had a feeling that this particular moment would not be the type of pain he enjoyed. He grabbed Hiccup's hand and gave a reluctant grunt to let Astrid know he was ready.

"Oneâ€¦twoâ€¦_three!_" Astrid pulled with all her might and Tuffnut squeezed Hiccup's hand at the same time. With a cry of agony Tuffnut was pulled free and Hiccup was sure some of his fingers were broken. Astrid let go of Tuffnut. "Are you okay?"

Tuffnut prodded the tip of his tongue gingerly, noting that some of the skin had been torn off. "I gress swo."

"Yeahâ€¦you might sound like that for a while." Hiccup muttered,

flexing his sore fingers to ensure that no severe damage had been done by Tuffnut's grip.

A soft dragon growl caught their attention and the teens turned to see Toothless gazing at them curiously. _Now what are you doing? _Toothless wondered.

"Hey, bud. Don't worry, we're not doing anything stupid."

"Yet." Snotlout sang.

Toothless did not look convinced. He noticed that one core member of the group was missing and shook his head. _Alright, who killed Fishlegs?_

As if reading his mind Hiccup turned to Snotlout. "Hey, where's Fishlegs?"

"Where do you think? He went to that island with Meatlug so that she could hatch her eggs." Snotlout rolled her eyes. "The guy can't leave his dragon for more than a few hours without freaking out."

Astrid's eyes widened as an idea struck her. "I wonder how Stormfly's doing."

"If you want, we could go visit." Hiccup offered. "The eggs shouldn't be hatching for another hour or two."

"That'd be nice." Astrid smiled innocently. "I just want to grab my satchel from Ruffnut's place before we go. I'll meet you at the docks."

Hiccup gave the girl a salute and went off with Toothless. Astrid grabbed the puzzled Ruffnut by the arm and dragged her away. "Ruffnut, when I get back with one of Stormfly's eggs, I dare you to plant in the chief's house."

"On Snoggletog?" Ruffnut asked in disbelief. "Didn't we promise Hiccup we'd take a break from the dares for the holidays?"

"I didn't _promise_." Astrid smirked. "I said that I would _try_ _my_ best not to dare someone. Besides, I'll make sure he doesn't see me take an egg."

"You know, I can't believe we managed to get to Snoggletog without getting this dare-off found out." Ruffnut paused. "Well, that might change after this."

"Well, I'll miss you when you get banished."

"Please. If I get busted, I'm bringing you jerks down with me."

"Oh, shut up and get me a satchel."

â€|

It was roughly fifty minutes later that Astrid returned with Hiccup. She bid her friend a quick goodbye and raced to the Thorston household with the satchel clutched tightly in her grip. She hammered on the wooden door and almost dislodged the decorations that were

hanging on the roof.

"What's the fire?" Ruffnut asked, flinging the door open.

Astrid grinned. "Fire hasn't started yet." She handed Ruffnut the satchel. "I suggest you hurry. You got about ten minute before the baby hatches. This was laid a while ago."

Carefully taking the satchel Ruffnut nodded and took off, her feet sinking into the deep snow. She reached the Haddock household and spotted Hiccup playing with Toothless in the snowdrifts. She slipped past them and entered the house, listening intently.

Zzzzzt.

Stoick was sleeping.

Ruffnut froze and stared at the satchel in her hands as a wicked idea struck her. Unable to resist the temptation, Ruffnut tiptoed into the chief's bedroom and rolled the dragon egg under Stoick's bed. With quick speed she charged out of the house, this time catching the attention of boy and dragon.

Hiccup's eyes widened with horror. "Ruffnut, what did you-?!"

Boom!

"_AAGGHH!_"

Ruffnut paused in her sprint to watch as the chief flew through his roof, flying through the air and crashing into the snow below, debris raining down on him. She pressed a hand against her mouth to keep from laughing out loud and took off before she was spotted by the enraged Viking.

Hiccup could only gape and Toothless rolled his eyes. _I'm getting out of here. Stoick will want to kill someone and it'll probably be one of us. Survival of the smartest._

Toothless waddled away and Hiccup swallowed thickly. A baby Deadly Nadder tumbled down the front steps and cooed happily. It stumbled over to Hiccup and whined hopefully. Hiccup bent down and picked up the purple baby Nadder just as his father stormed into view, his finally-even beard covered in snow and his chest heaving with rage.

Hiccup stared up at his father, the baby dragon clutched against his chest. "What. Was. That?" Stoick asked, his voice strangled by rage.

At a loss for an excuse, Hiccup gave a meek smile and uttered, "Uhâ€|surprise! Happy Snoggletog!"

****Dare suggestion by Guest.****

****Next chapter: In which Ruffnut dares Snotlout.****

****Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays!****

19. Snotlout's Turn for the Dress

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. Song sung by Snotlout is called Song of the Viking by Todd Rundgren. I obviously do not own the song, and I changed one word to
Snotlout's.****

****Snotlout's Turn for the Dress****

The snow continued to fall at a steady pace, but the winter wind had died down so that going outside was bearable again. The Snoggletog decorations had been stripped from the houses some time ago and poor Hiccup was still in the process of repairing the hole in the roof of his house.

Astrid and Fishlegs peered up at the lanky teen, who was crouched on the wooden rooftop. A hammer was clutched in one hand and the other held the nail to the wood. His face was a mask of concentration and so his friends did not disturb the boy until he had finished driving the nail through the wooden plank.

"Snoggletog was two weeks ago." Astrid called up. "You haven't finished covering the hole yet?"

"I had to fix my father's bed first!" Hiccup snapped back. "And _that _took a considerable amount of time."

"What did you do with the baby dragon?" Fishlegs asked curiously.

"We gave it to the Horkglan family. Their children always wanted their own dragon and we know that they'll take good care of it." Astrid answered, her gaze still locked on Hiccup. "Hiccup, be careful. The roof is icy and-"

Hiccup's prosthetic foot struck a patch of ice at that very moment, causing him to lose balance and tumble down the roof. With a yelp of panic Hiccup flew off the edge and slammed into his friends, who did not have time to get out of his crash path.

"â€|your prosthetic foot doesn't have much grip." Astrid finished with a slight groan.

Hiccup rolled off of his friends and they climbed to their feet. "Okay, that was smooth." Hiccup muttered, his face flushing from embarrassment.

"Tell you what, I'll help you finish the repair." Astrid decided. "Your father is doing his rounds on Thornado-he won't be back for a few hours."

"No, no." Hiccup said quickly. "You don't have to-"

"No buts." Astrid punched his shoulder affectionately. "I kind of got you into this mess anyway."

"You guys are crazy." Fishlegs shook his head. "But you got off pretty lightly, Hiccup."

"You're telling me." Hiccup muttered. Unable to come up with a solid, believable excuse for why there was a dragon egg underneath his father's bed, he had kept silent during his father's interrogation. Completely frustrated by his son's odd behaviour (something he figured he would never get used to) Stoick grounded his son for three weeks and ordered him to make the repairs on the roof and on his mangled bed.

"Come on, let's get this thing fixed. Fishlegs, you want to help?" Astrid asked.

"I'd love to, but I have to feed Meatlug." Fishlegs smiled apologetically. "But good luck. Try not to break anything else."

Astrid rolled her eyes at Fishleg's retreating back. "Some faith."

"We'd better get to work. The last thing I need is my father to return and find you helping me." Hiccup shuddered at the very thought. "I want to live to see my next birthday."

The two got back on the roof and continued the work, hammering the boards securely over the hole. When they had finished Hiccup studied the wooden patch and shrugged. "It'll have to do. Thanks for your help, Astrid."

"Anytime."

"Yo, what are you guys doing?"

Astrid and Hiccup peered over the edge of the roof and saw Snotlout staring up at them. "Just finished repairing the hole." Hiccup answered.

A grin curled across Snotlout's face. "I so wish I was there to see the look on your father's face. I bet it was priceless!"

"The look on_ your _face when I tell you your dare will be much better."

Snotlout stiffened and glanced over his shoulder to see the twins approaching. Ruffnut had a smirk on her face, and that meant something bad was going to happen to him. "Umâ€¦what?"

"Snotlout, I dare you to dress as a woman and sing in the highest voice you can manage in front as many people as possible."

Snotlout gaped. Hiccup and Astrid burst into laughter. Ruffnut grinned victoriously. After a moment of stunned silence Snotlout let out a groan. "I hate you so much right now."

"Hey, Fishlegs did the dress thing, Hiccup did the dress thing, now it's your turn." Ruffnut said reasonably.

"I'm out! No dress thing for me!" Tuffnut danced triumphantly. "Loooooser!"

Snotlout punched him in the shoulder. "Shut up. At least _I _have a

chance of winning this whole dare contest." He turned to the female Thorston and frowned. "When does this thing do down?"

Ruffnut tapped her chin thoughtfully. "Well, I think it would be best if you did it on the roof of the Great Hall, like when Hiccup and Astrid had their 'wedding'. You can do it before supper, when everyone starts gathering in front of the doors."

"Fine. I'll be there." Snotlout grumbled.

"And because I'm such a good friend, I'll help you with your makeup and everything." Ruffnut patted Snotlout on the shoulder with a smug smile. "It'll be my pleasure."

As Ruffnut escorted the sullen boy away, Tuffnut, Astrid and Hiccup exchanged gleeful glances.

They could not _wait _until suppertime.

â€|

"I. Am. Going. To. Kill. You."

The words were spit through gritted teeth as Ruffnut tied his choppy black hair together with a piece of a blue ribbon. Ruffnut could not stop laughing, bent over from hysterics as she attempted to complete Snotlout's look.

"O-O-Okay," she wheezed. "I-I'm done."

Snotlout looked down at himself with a scowl. He was wearing his mother's old white dress, which had blue buttons and a blue hem. Lace decorated the collar and his feet were squeezed painfully into Ruffnut's spare boots. His cheeks were pink, his lips painted red and nails painted blue.

"Oh, this is brilliant." Ruffnut cackled. "I can't wait for everyone to see this!"

"Oh, shut up." Snotlout snarled. He stormed away from the girl and towards the Great Hall, which was thankfully deserted for the time being.

"I can't believe I'm doing this." Snotlout muttered to himself as he climbed up to the roof. Once he was up he lay flat against the planks so that he wouldn't be noticed straight away. Ruffnut had instructed him to wait until a sizeable crowd had gathered in front of the doors before starting his performance.

_If Fishlegs and Hiccup can do this, then I _definitely _can do this._

After a few minutes Snotlout could hear the murmurs of his fellow Hooligans as they chatted amongst themselves. A sharp whistle suddenly cut through the chatter and everyone paused, probably to see where the whistle had come from.

Unfortunately for Snotlout, the whistle was meant for him.

Taking a deep breath the boy climbed to his feet and stood up, in

full view of the Hooligan Tribe. A shocked silence descended over the Vikings as they stared at the Jorgenson boy, at a loss for words. Snotlout could see his father, at the front of the crowd (or course) gaping at him.

Face red, Snotlout kept his eyes locked on his friends, who were killing themselves laughing. In the highest voice he could manage, Snotlout began to sing the song Fishlegs had used in a previous dare.

_I am a Viking of some note.
>Snotlout's my name and here I float.
Out on the sea in a great big boat._

His voice cracked on the last line and his singing was interrupted by a bout of coughing. But he quickly recovered, determined to finish his dare as fast as possible and leave before his father snapped to his senses and came up to grab him.

_And I'm the one who beats the drum in time,
>To stroke the oars that drive our galleons on.
And while we rowed we had our-gack!_

This crack in Snotlout's voice was the loudest and by far the most painful. Snotlout tried to press on, only to find that he could no longer produce words, just soft hisses and rasps.

He had lost his voice.

With no voice, he could not sing. Since he failed to fully complete the dare (Ruffnut probably wanted him to sing a full song) he knew he would be down one point. But he _could _continue, in some form, and perhaps use his improvisation to convince Ruffnut that he completed the dare.

And then he saw his father slowly regain his senses, his face turning red from fury and humiliation.

Fail it is.

"Wow," Ruffnut mused as she watched Snotlout scramble off the roof and take off. "I've never seen him run that fast before."

"I've never seen _Spitelout _run that fast before."

****Dare suggested by Fantasy-Dweller.****

****Next chapter: In which Snotlout dares Hiccup.****

20. Don't Mess with a Man's Weapons

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****Don't Mess with a Man's Weapons****

"Look who's still alive!"

Ruffnut's dramatic exclamation caused Snotlout to scowl. He sat gingerly on the wooden bench beside Tuffnut. "Very funny. I got my

butt beat and I didn't even pass the dare."

"That's how these things go, I'm afraid." Ruffnut smirked.

"Just you wait until I get the chance to dare you," Snotlout warned. "Then we'll see who'll be laughing."

"This is a dangerous game you play," Fishlegs warned.

Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "Yeah, yeah, you've said that tons of times. Give it a break."

"Alright. You're going to be sorry you didn't listen to me when Stoick comes at you with his battle axe."

Hiccup shivered at the mental image. "Let's not think about that. Please."

"Hiccup's right." Snotlout leaned against the table with a devious smirk. "He's got his own dare to think about."

"Thor help me." His head hit the tabletop with a solid *_thump_*. "What is it this time? Eat a snake? Jump off a roof? Dye my hair green?"

"All excellent dares," his cousin mused. "But not the ones I had in mind right now. I dare you to ransack Gobber's forge-mess the place up."

Hiccup's head snapped up, his eyes growing wide with horror. "I can't do that! Gobber loves his forge and weapons! He'd hate me forever!"

"Does that really matter?" Snotlout snorted.

"Yes, it does," he replied softly. Gobber had been his mentor ever since he was a toddler. In the days where Stoick was distant and awkward, Gobber had been like a second father. The very idea of intentionally messing with something the man treasured so much made him feel sick to his stomach.

"Hey," Astrid said gently, touching his hand. "You don't have to do this."

"I know. But if I don't, he'll dare you, and I know you don't want to take a pass."

The blonde squeezed his hand. "If it means this much to you, I'll take a pass as well."

"Seriously?" Snotlout cried, frustrated.

"Wellâ€¦what if we changed the dare up a bit?" Tuffnut piped up. "Hiccup can just do a bit of redecorating in the forge-nothing too serious. Then, he can paint that stupid catapult Gobber loves so much pink."

"Yeah," Ruffnut agreed. "Paint washes off."

Hiccup thought it over. He still didn't feel too comfortable with the

idea. But he also didn't want to make Astrid take a pass just for his sake. He knew she took competitions seriously and she was most likely aiming to finish the contest with all her passes intact. "Alright," he finally agreed. "I accept the dare."

"Um, don't I have to approve this new dare?" Snotlout asked, slightly annoyed.

"Shut up." Astrid cast him a quick glare before focussing on Hiccup. "You sure?"

"Yeah. I mean, it won't be as bad as completely ransacking the place. And I'll totally wash the paint off the catapult once I put it on, regardless if he knows it's me or not."

"Okay." Astrid nodded. "Whatever you want. But remember, you're the only kid on Berk that Gobber doesn't despise completely. He could never hate you. That I'm positive of."

Hiccup shot her a grateful smile.

But he still hoped that Gobber didn't catch him in the act.

â€|

Night fell upon the island, the sky an inky black with a full moon shining brightly. Hiccup climbed downstairs, a bucket of paint in his grasp. Toothless glanced up from where he'd been resting by the fireplace. Upon spotting the metal can, he gave a hiss and glared at his human warningly. _It does not matter how much I love you. You try to slap that stuff on me and your butt will be smoking for a week._

"Relax," he soothed. "This isn't for you."

_Okay then. We're still cool. _Toothless calmed down and rested his head against his paws. _If you don't die due to your stupidity, I'll see you when you get back._

"You want to come?"

Toothless let out a bark of laughter. Hiccup could not help but smile. "Wise choice. Later, bud."

The lanky teen slipped out of the house and stole across the village. He reached the forge and hesitantly poked his head inside. Despite knowing that Gobber was at the Great Hall, he couldn't help but be paranoid.

"Redecorate a little bit," he echoed Tuffnut's earlier words. "Definitely no paint in the forge."

Studying the collection of swords, axes and clubs, he came up with an idea. He snagged the weapons off of their hooks and walked to the storage in the back. He kicked open the door with his foot and stacked the weapons inside. They wobbled precariously when he finished building the sharp and spikey tower and he shut the door before the collection could fall and crush him. Using the paint, he scrawled a quick message that read, _Danger inside. Open only if

desire impalement._

He took a quick look around the now-empty forge and hurried outside. Bertha, Gobber's beloved catapult, rested at the back of the building. Heart pounding, he dunked his brush into the paint and slathered it over the wooden structure. Pink drops splattered to the ground and his frantic swiping caused some to land in his hair.

"Phew," he finally breathed, taking a step back and studying his work. "Done."

"_What in Thor's name happened here?!"_

Heart freezing in his chest, Hiccup stood stock still for only a second before hightailing towards the barrels that lined against the hut next to the forge. He yanked open the lid and jumped inside the empty barrel, replacing the lid as he snuggled into the tight confines.

A great clattering sound echoed in the night, followed by Gobber's swearing. Hiccup pressed his hands over his aching chest, wishing desperately that he was a fast runner. If he had been, then he wouldn't be fearing for his life in a barrel. He'd be at home, safe under his covers.

The back door slammed open and the boy cowered as Gobber's enraged swearing increased in frequency as the man discovered his vandalized catapult.

Then, without warning, the cries stopped.

Hiccup bit down on his knuckle to keep from whimpering in fear. For a moment, nothing happened. There was only silence.

The lid to the barrel was then wrenched off, with such force that the container flipped over. Hiccup gave a yelp as he tumbled from his hiding place and to the dirt. Gobber's furious expression quickly melted into one of shock.

"_Hiccup?"_

Duh dun da, I'm dead.

****A short chapter, but at least it's something.****

****Next chapter: In which Hiccup dares Ruffnut.****

21. Close Call

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****Close Call****

"Gobber! Gobber, wait, I can-_ouch! _Gobber, you're gonna tear my ear off!"

His whining only caused Gobber to tighten his grip on Hiccup's right ear. The boy weakly tried to pry the man's hand off, but it was no

use. His small hands didn't even come close to wrapping around his mentor's wrist and the difference in strength between the two was vast.

As his house came into view, so did the panic welling up inside him. If his father joined in the interrogation, he wouldn't stand a chance. He would quickly cave and spill everything, and then the dare contest would be put to stop. Even though that wasn't something that would upset him, he knew Ruffnut, Astrid and Snotlout would be disappointed.

Plus, Stoick would discover who cut off his beard all those months ago, and _that _would result in the thrashing of a lifetime. Not exactly something he wanted.

"I'm sorry!" Hiccup cried, frantically digging his heels into the dirt. His metal prosthetic served as a good grip, and Gobber had to slow his pace. When the man shot him a sharp glare, Hiccup pleaded, "Seriously, I can explain! You don't have to bring me to Dad!"

Gobber pursed his lips, eyes darting between the Haddock household, which loomed on top of the slope ahead, and Hiccup, who was pale and really did look sorry. Relinquishing his grip, Gobber crossed his arms and growled, "Explain, then. Explain what lunacy claimed you and caused you to vandalize my forge!"

Hiccup flinched and nervously folded his hands. "Okay, well, it's entirely stupid, like most things I get up to. Snotlout was being a jerk, like he usually is, though this time it got on my nerves. He put me up to it, and I'm not exactly the greatest at denying a challenge from my wonderful cousin."

"So Snotlout challenged you to mess up my weapons and paint Bertha," said Gobber slowly, eyes narrowed.

Hiccup gulped and gave a nod. It was partly the truth, so he only felt partly guilty. "But the paint washes off, promise! I'll clean everything up, I always intended to clean it up. Just _please _don't tell Dad. He'll think I've lost my mind. I'm really, _really _sorry. It won't happen again!"

Gobber stared at the boy intently. Green eyes stared imploringly at him, and the seasoned Viking felt his fury edge away. Yes, he had been extremely surprised and angry upon discovering his own apprentice as the culprit. Hiccup was not one to cause trouble (at least, not _this _kind of trouble) and so the blacksmith was rightly worried.

But Hiccup's explanation made sense. Snotlout was well known for aggravating his cousin, and the lanky teen didn't really know when to walk away. Then again, it was also a convenient explanationâ€¦

"So this little episode has nothing to do with the time you wore a dress? Or Stoick's missing beard? Or the other weird occurrences happening around here?"

Hiccup shuffled his good foot and offered an innocent smile. "Well, weird things are always happening. I mean, the twins are wild, after all. Their pranks are legendary."

"Uh-huh." Gobber was not convinced. Something was going on, and the teens of Berk were no doubt the cause. "I'll let this slide for now. But if any of you mess with my forge again, or do something inexcusably stupid, the lot of you _will _face Stoick. Am I understood?"

Hiccup nodded so fast that he nearly gave himself whiplash. "Understood! I'll try to keep the pranks reigned in. But you know how no one likes to listen to me."

"Funny, considering _you _don't like to listen to _anyone_." Gobber leaned forwards and gave the boy a sharp cuff around the head with his good hand. "Behave."

"Got it." Hiccup winced at the ache that was now developing at the back of his head and gingerly prodded the injury. "Have I ever mentioned that you're the greatest?"

Gobber only gave a grunt in response and lumbered off, casting one last suspicious glare over his shoulder. Hiccup only smiled and waved, and when his mentor was out of sight he collapsed to the ground in relief.

"Well. That wentâ€|okay."

â€|

"Look who's still alive!"

Astrid's teasing tone caused Hiccup to lift his head from the wooden table. He peered at the blonde through sleepy eyes. "Wassup?" He asked groggily.

"Long night?" Astrid asked sympathetically, sitting down next to him.

"Yeah. I got busted, but he let me off with a warning. I think he wants to figure out what we're doing before deciding whether or not he needs to report it to my dad. I mean, he's only been the victim for a few of our dares."

"We'll keep him out of the dares for the time being," assured Astrid.

"You look horrible."

"Thanks, Ruff." Hiccup rolled his eyes as the rest of the teens approached the table.

"Did you get in trouble?" Fishlegs asked anxiously.

"Yes. He busted me, I went home for three hours of sleep before going back and cleaning up my mess."

"But at least he doesn't hate you," said Astrid cheerfully.

Snotlout rolled his eyes. "My original version of the dare was so much better."

"And would have gotten me killed," said Hiccup flatly. "But let's move on. Ruff, I dare you to dye your hair pink."

Ruffnut's face twisted in disgust. She pulled on her shoulder-length blonde locks, which was not even close to its original length. "I hate pink," she grouched.

"Do it!" Tuffnut grinned wickedly. "It's not like you can get any uglier."

Ruffnut spared a moment to slug her brother in the shoulder before turning to Hiccup with a resigned expression. "Well, I want to win this thing, so fine. How long do I have to keep it pink?"

"For as long as it stays," Hiccup said simply.

"Not too bad, then. Hopefully we'll get some rain and I'll just take a stroll."

She missed the devious expression that crossed her brother's face.

â€|

Tuffnut left the Great Hall soon after, proclaiming that he had forgotten to refill Barf and Belch's feeding bucket. Ruffnut was mildly surprised that her sibling was taking the initiative to do chores, but so long as she wasn't the one that needed to do it, she didn't think much of it.

Her mistake.

The long-haired Viking made his way to the forge, ensuring that Gobber was nowhere in sight before slipping in. He knew that if he busted, it would most likely be the end of the dare contest.

He found the can of pink paint, which would be used for Ruffnut's hair. A small dose of tree sap was added to ensure that the colour would stay for a small period of time. No Viking liked to keep their hair coloured for more than a week, if they did it at all.

Smirking, Tuffnut upended half of the container of sap into the can and swished it around. "Sorry sis, but I'm afraid a stroll through the rain isn't going to help."

He would be so dead when she found out, but it would totally be worth it.

Dare suggestion by **MeoTheRandom.**

Next chapter: in which Ruffnut dares Astrid.

22. Sleepover!

**I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.
**

Sleepover!

"How's it look?"

Astrid leaned against the wooden fence that separated the grazing fields from wide, open freedom. She studied her female friend and could not hide her smirk. Ruffnut scowled and crossed her arms, a sharp pout on her lips. "It's not as bad as I thought it'd be," she said honestly, studying the girl's new hairstyle.

Ruffnut resisted the urge to pull on her blonde strands. She had just spent the better part of an hour soaking her hair in the pink paint (mixed with a bit of sap) and didn't want to redo it. So instead she watched as the pink drops splattered in the green grass. "My poor, greasy, fish-oily hair."

Astrid rolled her eyes and picked up the empty bucket of paint. "Come on. The guys are probably eager to start ragging on you."

"They better not. I'll punch them in the face."

The two girls made their way into the village, pausing only to set the metal can at the side of the forge, where Gobber would refill it later. They went to the old watch towers, where the guys were sitting on the edge, legs dangling above them. Ruffnut craned her neck up and put her hands on her hips. "Let's hear it," she said, though not without a threatening tone.

"I was wrong-you _can _get uglier!" Tuffnut cackled, swinging his legs childishly.

"I think it looks okay," said Fishlegs in an attempt to be supportive. "Brings out your eyes."

"Oh give me a break," snorted Snotlout. "You can't be _that _blind."

"Sorry, Ruff," apologized Hiccup, a bit guilty. "I thought Gobber had a lighter colour in stock. But it really doesn't look all bad."

"Alright," the female Thorston decided. "Snotlout and Tuffnut will get a beating later."

"We were being honest!" Snotlout protested.

"And Hiccup and Fishlegs were being nice. That's what gets you far in life." Ruffnut finally gave into the urge to tug on the end of her blonde hair. Due to the wetness, a little bit came off on her fingers, but not as much as she expected. Shrugging, she brushed her hand on her leggings.

In truth, her hair _wasn't _as bad as it could have been. It was a bright pink, but the colour did not look horrible on the girl. Which was rather ironic, since Ruffnut (along with most Viking females) detested the colour.

"Hey, we were going to go for a ride," voiced Hiccup. "You girls want to join us?"

"Nah," said Ruffnut airily. "I don't feel like it."

"Oh, come _on!_" Tuffnut whined, slapping the wooden platform in annoyance. "You suck, you know that?"

"You can ride with me," offered Hiccup. "Besides, Barf and Belch look a bit under the weather. They could use the rest. Astrid?"

"I think I'll stay and keep Ruff out of trouble," Astrid said with a smile. "But you guys have fun."

"Alright. See you later."

The two girls walked towards the Hofferson household. On their way they passed Toothless, who was no doubt searching for his human. Ruffnut and Toothless both froze once they saw each other. After a moment, the Night Fury cackled, his laughs coming out in short, raspy bursts.

Ruffnut scowled as the dragon sauntered past, still laughing. "Oh sure, I bet you think this is well-deserved payback! Enjoy it while it lasts, buster! The next time it rains I'll be blonde and you'll have nothing to laugh at!"

Astrid shook her head as her best (and only) female friend shouted at one of the most dangerous dragons in existence. "Alright. What are you up too?"

"I'm yelling at Toothless for not being a bigger person-uh, dragon. What does it look like I'm up too?"

"No, stupid. I meant what dare did you come up with? I can tell when something particularly nasty has worked its way into your small head."

"My head is normal sized, thank you very much," said Ruffnut indigently. "And as a matter of fact, I _did _come up with a dare-for _you._"

"Odin," muttered Astrid. "Should have seen this coming. Alright, what is it?"

Ruffnut rocked back on her heels, a pleased smirk on her face. "I dare you to sleep in bed with Hiccup-without him or his father noticing-for a whole night."

The girl's face burned an uncharacteristic red. "I hate you."

"You love me," shot back Ruffnut. "You have to. We're crib buddies."

â€|

It was only when the sky was pitch black did Astrid venture from her home, wearing her thin grey tunic with no sleeves and nothing more. Her blonde hair fell down her back and shivered from the cool wind, arms wrapping around her torso.

"I'm going to kill her," she grumbled under her breath, heart pounding nervously.

She stole through the village on bare feet, consciously aware that

her sleep tunic barely reached her knees. All of her curves were visible through the thin material and it made her feel rather self-conscious.

And a bit powerful, if she were to be honest.

Thankfully, they were no Vikings out for nighttime strolls. She reached the Haddock household and cautiously nudged the front door open. She peeked inside and, upon spotting the main room empty, crept inside.

She could hear Stoick's thunderous snores, and she was grateful for the fact that he was a relatively heavy sleeper. She went up the stairs, flinching at every creak, and it came as no surprise when Toothless appeared at the top, snarling softly. The malice quickly melted from his face upon discovering it was only her, though suspicion remained.

_Has the heathen sent you to get revenge? _Toothless narrowed his eyes into slits. _Where's the paint can? I'll blast it to smithereens!_

"It's okay," soothed Astrid. "I'm here to, uh, have a sleepover."

Toothless relaxed and moved back a bit, allowing the girl entry. Astrid patted his head and moved to the end of Hiccup's bed. For a moment, she watched him sleep, the gentle rise and fall of his chest as he breathed, the soft wrinkle in his brow as he dreamed, and the way he clutched the blanket in his small hands.

It was extremely cute.

"It doesn't count if you're not in bed with him."

Nearly jumping out of her skin, Astrid turned to see Ruffnut peering at her from outside Hiccup's window. The female twin clung to the sill, her pink hair standing out against the silver moonlight. "You are such a creeper!"

"I was just making sure you were doing it!" Ruffnut defended.

"How'd you know I'd do it tonight?" Astrid demanded.

Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "Please. Like you'd delay _this_."

"Shut up! Go home. If he wakes up because of you I get an automatic win."

Toothless wandered up to the window and growled softly. Ruffnut quickly dropped to the ground, buckling a bit upon landing. "Geez, fine. I'm out of here. Don't get busted!"

She took off into the night and Toothless shook his head. He went over to his rock bed and curled up, snorting softly. Astrid gently climbed into bed beside Hiccup, draping a bit of blanket over her body and curling against his side. He was warm and cuddly and smelled really good-like a pine forest.

_Best dare ever, _she thought with a contented smile.

Soon after, she fell asleep to the rhythm of Hiccup's soft breathing.

â€|

It was not the sharp blast of sunlight that intruded Astrid's slumber, but rather the annoying birds chirping outside the window. Grumbling softly, Astrid opened her eyes blearily and attempted to roll over-only to discover that she couldn't.

During the course of the night, she had ended up in Hiccup's arms. They were wrapped around her, her head pressed against his chest and his chin resting against the top of her head. A bright red blush crept over the girl's face as she remembered where she was.

It quickly turned into horror when she remembered _why _she was where she was.

"Odin help me," she muttered, and with great reluctance tried to untangle herself from Hiccup. In her attempt to free herself from his arms, she accidentally kicked his knee, jostling him awake.

"Wassamatter?" He slurred, sitting up and scrubbing his eyes.

Astrid froze, sitting on the edge of his bed and unable to move. Hiccup blinked at her, and it was after the fifth blink the sleepiness disappeared from his gaze. Green eyes grew comically wide, once he took in the clear view of a half-dressed girl of his dreams sleeping in _his _bed.

"Gah-Ughâ€|_Astrid-_"

"Ruffnut dared me!" Astrid blurted, feeling extremely awkward. She was aware of Toothless watching them from his own bed, and she could practically feel his amusement. "But if she finds out you busted me, we can count this as a fail."

"This is not decent behaviour!" Hiccup wailed, pressing a hand firmly over his eyes.

"Well, I wouldn't be complaining if the roles were switched!" Astrid snapped, trying to hide her embarrassment. "But you have to be weird and sleep in your clothes!"

"It's _freezing! _I don't want to freeze to death in my sleep!"

"Don't be a wimp, it's not _that _cold! Besides-"

"_Hiccup! Are you up yet?_"

The two teens whipped their heads to the stairs, where the heavy _thumps _from below them signalled an approaching Stoick.

Hiccup snapped his head back to Astrid, who was white with rare fear. She was in her night clothes, in his bed-Odin knew how this would look.

"_Don't just sit there," _he hissed frantically.
"Hide!"

"Toothless, hide me!" Astrid pleaded, crawling over to the dragon. Toothless shook his head in exasperation, but unfurled his wings, allowing the girl to take cover.

"Stay quiet!" Hiccup instructed, clambering out of bed just as the steps fell on the stairs.

_If we get caught, it's going to be _much _more than a slap on the wrist._

****Dare suggestion by: ****ShadentheDragon****

****Next chapter: In which Tuffnut intervenes and issues a group dare.****

23. Safe!

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.

****Safe!****

Hiccup tried to not to fidget as his father appeared at the top of the stairs. Mustering up a smile, he said, "Hey, Dad."

"Son," greeted Stoick. "I thought I heard you moving about up here."

"Just woke up."

Stoick nodded. "Ah. Well, don't dawdle. I have some errands for you to--"

"_Achoo!"_

Body freezing, Hiccup slowly turned to Toothless, who blinked at them innocently, wings furled tightly around his body in an obviously odd manner. Head turning back to his father, his heart pounded painfully at the narrowed-eyed look he was now receiving.

"He's coming down with a cold," he attempted to excuse. "But he's fine."

"That was not a dragon sneeze. And Toothless doesn't normally sit like that."

Hiccup's fingers started their nervous twitching. His eyes darted side to side, his mouth going dry. "Uhâ€¦umâ€¦"

His son's agitation clear, Stoick crossed his arms over his massive chest. "Hiccup. What's going on?"

"Uhâ€¦uhâ€¦" Unable to come up with a fathomable excuse for this current situation, Hiccup howled, "_It's not what you think!" _and tore past his father and down the stairs before the burly man could even blink.

Taking this as her own cue, Astrid rolled out from the cover of Toothless' wings. Stoick jolted violently at her sudden presence, but before he could react the blonde shrieked, _"We didn't do anything!"_ and dove out the window.

Landing rather painfully in the grass below, she only grunted and stood up. She was about to run for it when she remembered with stark clarity that she was practically naked.

Oh, Odin. Either humiliate myself and my family by running home or wait here until Stoick comes down.

"Busted!"

The familiar cackle was both a relief to hear and an annoyance. Ruffnut crept out from her place from behind the tree and held out a pair of clothes.

"I don't know if I should thank you or kill you," breathed Astrid, wrestling into the skirt, leggings and boots.

The door to the front of the house flew open and a small brunette form streaked out. Twisting on his heel, Hiccup ran backwards for a moment so he could face the two blondes gathered on the front lawn of his house. "Your fault!" he shouted before whirling back around and continuing his mad dash.

Stoick appeared in the open doorway, his face an ugly purple colour. Ruffnut and Astrid immediately bolted after their fleeing friend, flinching as their chief's shout echoed behind them.

"_YOU LOT GET BACK HERE THIS INSTANT!"_

"Oooh, you're so getting banished," panted Ruffnut as she and Astrid quickly caught up to Hiccup, who was running at an impressive speed.

"Ruffnut, you're sick," wheezed Hiccup.

"Excuse me, you both enjoyed this dare and you know it. You should be thanking me!"

Astrid spared some sprinting energy to slug her female friend in the shoulder. "For the record, he saw you too, you moron."

Her face fell. "Oh, Thor."

There was a sudden _whoosh_ and a gust of wind threw the teens back a few steps. Shielding his eyes from flying dirt, Hiccup turned another shade paler as his father landed in front of them on Thornado.

"Where's Toothless?" hissed Ruffnut, gripping the boy's arm as she eyed the dismounting chief nervously.

"Probably laughing his dragon butt off," returned Hiccup, knees trembling as his father loomed over them. "Dad, please don't kill us. I swear it's not what you think."

Stoick breathed furiously, his chest rising and falling. His fists clenched at his sides and his eyes were all but slits. "It better not be what I think," he growled. "Or I swear, boy, you'll be sore until next Snoggletog."

"It was just a sleepover," said Astrid desperately. "An impromptu sleepover that Hiccup didn't even know about!"

"I don't care what it was!" snapped Stoick, his booming voice causing the teens to cower. "It was inappropriate! You're not even close to coming of age! I ought to put you on opposite sides on the island and build a wall between you."

"That's not necessary," said Hiccup hastily. "I swear it won't happen again!"

Stoick studied his son intently. "_Nothing _happened?"

While Hiccup nodded hard, Astrid spoke up, "Nothing at all. I'm so sorry for being disrespectful, sir. It won't happen again."

Stoick eyed the two teens before moving suspicious eyes to the teen lingering behind them. Ruffnut offered an innocent grin, but Stoick just knew she was at the root of this problem. His son and Astrid were respectable Vikings, and never before did they show any signs of venturing past their known limitations for their current age.

There was also the fact that her hair was a bright pink.

But he knew that he wouldn't get anything out of the teens right now-they would not give forth any information if they believed it would only get them in trouble when they were currently off the hook.

"Two weeks of doing whatever Gobber tells you," he finally said, pointing at his son. "And you-"he swung his finger to Astrid, "two weeks of farm duty."

"Yes sir," the two teens said immediately.

"You-"Ruffnut's eyes grew wide at the address-"stay out of trouble."

The blonde gave a nod, keeping her smirk suppressed.

"If this happens again, you _will _be sorry."

With that, Stoick mounted Thornado and took off. When his father was out of sight Hiccup crumpled to the ground with a moan of relief. Astrid slugged Ruffnut once more in the shoulder, sending the girl to the ground. Looking up towards the sky, Astrid flung her arms to the side.

"Thank you Odin!"

â€|

When Hiccup, Astrid and Ruffnut filed into the Great Hall for breakfast, Fishlegs eyed them in concern. "What happened? We could hear Stoick yelling from in here."

"My dad has that ability," said Hiccup, dropping onto the wooden bench.

"This idiot dared me to sleep with Hiccup-not in _that _way, you pervert," snapped Astrid, glaring at Tuffnut and Snotlout, who were snickering. "We got busted."

"And that means you lose a pass," said Ruffnut cheerfully. "I can see victory!"

"In your dreams," snorted Astrid. "Wait until your dare-"

"_Intervention!" _hollered Tuffnut, flinging himself onto the table, sending plates scattering about.

"Tuff!" complained Fishlegs, gingerly brushing an egg off of his lap.

"What the heck is wrong with you?" demanded Snotlout.

"I'm overriding them," declared Tuffnut. "I have a group dare!"

"Oh great." Hiccup dropped his head on the table.

"I dare you all to have an awake-a-thon!"

Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "Lame."

Tuffnut smirked mischievously. "Those who fall asleep lose a pass. You have to stay awake from five in the morning until five in the morning the following day."

Astrid crossed her arms and narrowed her eyes. "That sounds too easy."

"Fishlegs and I may or may not have some tricks to make you lose," said Tuffnut idly.

Fishlegs stared with wide eyes. "I didn't agree to this."

"Too bad. I'm gonna need help with this one." Tuffnut grinned around at the four remaining players. "We'll do it here, in the Great Hall. In addition to not sleeping, you can't leave the Great Hall for any reason. Doing so will also make you lose."

"Fine," agreed Ruffnut.

"Whatever," said Snotlout.

"Piece of cake," dismissed Astrid.

"Can we please wait a few weeks?" pleaded Hiccup. "Just until I'm sure Dad doesn't have an eye on me at all times?"

"Sure. I'm gonna need some time to plot with Fishlegs anyway."

"Great. Now that's over withâ€¦" Snotlout reached over and gave

Tuffnut a shove. "Get off my food, loser."

_Friends, _thought Hiccup wearily. _I just had to have friends.

—

****Next chapter's dare suggestion is by:**** Rising Equinox****

****Next chapter: In which Snotlout, Hiccup, Astrid and Ruffnut try to overcome their own bodily needs and Tuffnut's dirty tricks.****

24. Awake-a-Thon

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.**

****Awake-a-Thon****

Tuffnut and Fishlegs hunched over a piece of parchment, reviewing the ideas they had brainstormed for the umpteenth time. "These are mean," Fishlegs said with a slight frown.

"You mean they're awesome!" countered Tuffnut. "Come on, we have to get someone else out. I want to be the reason for someone else's downfall!"

A sudden thought struck Fishlegs and he furrowed his brow. "Wait a minute—"

"What?"

"I just realized something. Astrid failed Ruffnut's dare, right?"

Tuffnut nodded. "Yeah. She got busted. I wish I could have been there to see Chief's face."

"But didn't she also fail the dare with the yaknog?"

"Yeah. So?"

The husky boy sighed in exasperation. "Then that would mean Astrid is out too. She failed two dares, which means she lost her two passes."

For a long moment, Tuffnut was silent. Fishlegs shifted awkwardly, uncertain if he was supposed to continue speaking or wait for his friend to come up with a response (which, admittedly, could take a while).

But then a large, positively wicked grin crossed Tuffnut's face. His eyes lit up with delight and a loud laugh tore from his throat.

_"Oh-ho-ho! _Little Miss I-Win-Everything is out of the dare contest! And no one else realized it!"

"Well, it is kind of surprising," pointed out Fishlegs. "I mean, when does Astrid lose anything?"

Tuffnut sprang up, grabbed the parchment and shoved it into his pocket. "It's lunch, right?"

"At least for another hour."

"How far are we into their two weeks of punishment?"

Fishlegs frowned in confusion. "This is their last day. We're probably going to do the awake-a-thon tomorrow morning. We're getting them to go from five to five, right? A full day?"

"Yeah. Come on. We're going to the Great Hall. If I'm lucky, the rest of the gang will be there."

Bewildered, Fishlegs followed after his friend into the chilly afternoon. "Why?"

Tuffnut shot a smirk over his shoulder. "Someone has to break the news to Astrid that she lost. And I _so _want to be the one to be the messenger."

"You're cruel, you know that?"

Tuffnut ignored him and the two males made their way to the Great Hall. The skinny teen opened the door and peered inside. "There they are!" he said gleefully, spotting the rest of his friends sitting in the back of the hall.

"She's going to punch you," warned Fishlegs. "So try not to make it worse by being boastful."

"Please," snorted Tuffnut. "I'm going to enjoy this."

The two joined their friends at the table. "You guys don't look so good," said Fishlegs in concern.

"I hate farm duty," grumbled Astrid, stabbing at her meat in irritation. "It sucks and the animals hate me."

"Try working with Gobber nonstop for two weeks," returned Hiccup. His head rested against the table and his eyes were half-lidded. "I'm exhausted. The second I'm done tonight I'm going to sleep like a baby."

"Until five in the morning," said Tuffnut. "Then the fun starts."

Hiccup groaned. "I forgot about that. Thor. That's gonna suck."

"It's Tuffnut and Fishlegs," said Snotlout flatly. "For every horrible thing Tuffnut comes up with Fishlegs is going counter it with something nice and easy."

"Erâ€¦we've come up with some pretty mean stuff," admitted Fishlegs. "Sorry. But I don't think they're horrible."

"Thank you, for your reassurance," muttered Hiccup sarcastically.

"You're all going down," Astrid informed her competitors.

Tuffnut grinned, sensing his opportunity to deliver the bad news (for her, at least). "Actually, you won't be doing anything."

Astrid blinked and stared at the male Thorston. "What are you on about?"

"You failed Ruffnut's dare."

"Go me!" his sister whooped.

Astrid frowned in annoyance. "So what?"

Tuffnut crossed his arms. "You also failed the yaknog dare."

A stunned silence descended upon the table. Hiccup lifted his head, shocked realization forming on his face. Snotlout gaped for only a second before triumph formed on his features. Ruffnut grinned slowly. "Well, well. I forgot about that."

"Yeah, it's hard to keep track," agreed Tuffnut.

Astrid's eyes darted between the twins, her eyes wide and full of horror. "No."

"Oh yes." Ruffnut smirked.

"You're _out_," stated Tuffnut. "In other wordsâ€¦you _lose_."

The blonde opened and closed her mouth, but no sounds came out. Hiccup hesitantly reached out and patted her arm. "Hey, it's okay. It's not that big a deal."

She snapped out of her shocked state and glared fiercely at Hiccup, who recoiled. "_Not that big a deal_?" she hissed. "I lost. _I lost before Snotlout!_"

"This is the greatest day of my life," sighed Snotlout in contentment.

Astrid's fists clenched. "Guys?" she directed towards Tuffnut and Fishlegs. "How much have you planned out this awake-a-thon?"

"Er, we got some tricks-"began Fishlegs, but he was immediately cut off by Astrid.

"Scratch it all," she growled. "Because if I can't participate in this awake-a-thon, I'm going to make _sure _one of them, if not all, fails it."

Grabbing her fellow losers by the arms, she dragged them out of the Great Hall. Hiccup winced. "This isn't going to be good."

"Not in the least," said Ruffnut said cheerfully. "This is going to be fun."

â€¦

The start of the awake-a-thon soon arrived and Hiccup dragged himself over to the Great Hall. When he reached the doors, he shoved the last of his bread into his mouth before going inside.

There were a few early morning Vikings already eating breakfast, though most of the tribe wouldn't arrive until six. He spotted Ruffnut and Snotlout already sitting at a table in the back. "Talk about a lot of food," he remarked, staring at the pile of food stacked on their plates.

"For all we know, they could starve us after mealtime is over," said Snotlout through a mouthful of eggs. "So we're preparing ourselves."

"We're also drinking as little as possible," added Ruffnut, pointing to her tankard of milk, which was a quarter full.

"Right. We can't leave for any reason." Hiccup dropped down beside his cousin. "Where are the others?"

"Don't know," said Ruffnut. "They'll probably be here soon enough."

Around an hour later, Astrid, Tuffnut and Fishlegs arrived. "Sorry," the husky boy apologized. "We had someâ€¦revising to do."

"Soâ€¦what exactly can we do?" asked Hiccup. "Or rather, what can't we do?"

"You can't leave and you can't sleep," said Tuffnut.

"That's it?" asked Snotlout suspiciously. "There's nothing else?"

"Don't think it's going to be easy," said Astrid warningly. "I'm not going to rest until one of you gets a fail in this."

"We created a monster," said Ruffnut lowly, and Hiccup could not help but agree.

Breakfast came and went, and soon the Great Hall was empty. Ruffnut, Snotlout and Hiccup sat in silence for a moment, uncertain of what to do.

Trickle. Trickle.

The three turned to see Astrid slowly pouring water from one tankard to another. Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "We went before we came here. Nice try."

But the blonde was not deterred. She continued the process, going back and forth, the continuous _trickle _loud in the silent hall. Tuffnut soon joined her in the activity and the sound of streaming water increased in volume.

While Ruffnut had only drank a little bit of milk, the liquid was still in her system. She may not have needed to go, but after a while, watching the water go from one tankard to another was starting to get to her.

She squirmed in her seat. "You're evil," she informed her female friend.

Astrid smirked. "I know."

Another twenty minutes passed and Ruffnut finally shot out of her seat. She stormed over and knocked the tankards from Astrid's grip, sending the water flying all over the floor. Astrid only smiled. "Tuff?"

The boy obediently handed her his set of tankards. Astrid got up and stood on a table, so that she was out of Ruffnut's reach.

"Screw you," snapped Ruffnut. "Fine. You want me to go? I'll go!"

She stormed into the corner of the hall and removed her helmet. Astrid immediately stopped her torturous activity once she realized what the female Thorston was going to do. "Gross!"

The boys averted their gazes as Ruffnut relieved herself into her helmet. She then chucked the contents out the window and went back over to the table. "There. Happy."

"That is not what I wanted to happen," Astrid said flatly.

"Can't get rid of me that easy."

Tuffnut crossed his arms. "Next plan?" he asked.

Astrid pursed her lips. The first idea only worked on Ruffnut, but not in the way she wanted it to. She hoped she would send one of her friends running to the nearest outhouse and not a corner. "Yeah," she answered. "But we'll do it after lunch."

"I don't like the sound of that," muttered Snotlout.

Soon the lunch crowd filed in, taking seats at the table. Gobber spotted the teens and made his way over. "Well, look who's still up and wide awake," he drawled, clapping his apprentice on the shoulder. "I thought you'd be sleeping the days away after all the work I put you through."

"Oh, you know me. Always out and about," returned Hiccup.

Gobber's nose twitched and his brow furrowed. "What's that smell?"

Ruffnut hastily ducked her head to hide her grin and the others resisted the urge to laugh. "Don't know," said Hiccup. "Probably some rotten food or something."

Gobber gave a nod, though his frown still lingered. He cast a glance at the teens before lumbering off to join Spitelout.

Tuffnut reared back and slugged his sister in the shoulder. "You're disgusting."

Ruffnut smirked. "I try. Come on, guys, let's load up on more food."

For the next hour Hiccup, Snotlout and Ruffnut stuffed themselves with ham sandwiches and cabbage salad. Astrid leaned towards Fishlegs

and muttered, "You got the things?"

Fishlegs nodded. "Yeah."

"Alright. That ought to send one of them running."

Lunch passed by and once again the teens found themselves alone in the Great Hall. Snotlout crossed his arms and arched an eyebrow. "So, what's this new plan you guys were talking about?"

"I think it would be best if we just showed you," said Astrid mischievously.

She, Tuffnut and Fishlegs descended upon their friends, armed with feathers. Sensing their intentions, the trio attempted to escape but weren't fast enough. Astrid tackled Hiccup to the ground and assaulted his sides with her feather.

"_A-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" _shrieked Hiccup, wriggling madly in an attempt to get away. _"St-st-stop!"_

Tuffnut pinned his sister to the floor and tickled her armpits with the tip of his feather. "Surrender!" he demanded.

"_Ne-ne-never!" _gasped Ruffnut through her laughs.

"Come on, Snotlout. Just say you'll leave and this will stop," persuaded Fishlegs, sitting on the Jorgenson boy's back and tickling his sides.

"_N-n-n-no! B-b-but you're g-g-g-going to regret t-t-t-this!"_

Fishlegs sighed. "Of course I am. But I've taken enough of your punches. A few more won't matter."

Snotlout's face turned green, and without giving a warning he threw up his lunch all over the hardwood floor. Cries of disgust echoed through the hall and Tuffnut and Astrid immediately scrambled off of their victims, not wanting to cause a similar response.

"Snotlout!" cried Fishlegs, moving as far away from the male as possible.

"Told you you'd regret it," muttered Snotlout, standing up and rubbing his mouth with the back of his hand.

"What was that?" demanded Astrid.

"He did eat three plates of food a few minutes ago," mused Ruffnut. "Guess it didn't settle completely."

Astrid put her hands on her hips. "First Ruffnut, now Snotlout." She glanced at Hiccup. "What disgusting thing are you going to do?"

"Depends on your next plan to try and get us out of here," said Hiccup wearily, massaging his aching sides.

"Ooh! Ooh! Can I do the next one?" asked Tuffnut eagerly.

"Sure," agreed Astrid. "You remember what to do, right?"

He nodded and sped off. Hiccup sighed and stared at the mess on the floor. "I'm not cleaning that up."

"Neither am I," stated Snotlout. "It's Fishlegs' fault."

"Someone clean it up before someone comes in and sees it," snapped Astrid.

Grumbling complaints under their breath, Hiccup managed to locate a wooden bucket and a cloth in the kitchen that adjoined the Great Hall. Snotlout filled the bucket with water from the barrel located in the corner of the hall.

"You made it, you clean it up," snapped Hiccup.

Snotlout scowled. "How about you clean it up and I won't punch your lights out?"

"Unless you want me to punch _your _lights out, I suggest you take the cloth," warned Astrid.

"Favouritism," muttered Snotlout, reluctantly taking the bucket and cloth from his cousin. He got down to his knees and scrubbed the bile from the floor.

By the time he finished Tuffnut returned with a pleased expression. "I did it!"

"Good." Astrid nodded in approval. "Now we just have to wait until tonight."

"What happens tonight?" asked Snotlout, picking up the cloth and bucket and going over to the window to get rid of the dirty water and soiled rag.

"You'll see."

"I hate it when she says that," sighed Hiccup.

Another couple hours passed by and they made it through supper without incident. Hiccup, Ruffnut and Snotlout eyed the three suspiciously. "What do you think the next plan is?" asked Ruffnut.

"I couldn't even begin to imagine," replied Hiccup.

Darkness fell and with the darkness came a torrential downpour of rain. Ruffnut stared out the window with a frown. "I could be getting this stuff out of my hair right now!"

"You could always wash it out," informed Hiccup.

"Nah. That seems kind of cheap. Besides, I'm not one for taking baths."

"I noticed," muttered Snotlout.

The doors to the Great Hall suddenly burst open and a sheet of rain sprayed into the hall. Stoick stood in the doorway, not looking particularly happy. Hiccup shot his gaze towards Astrid, but she seemed just as puzzled by his father's arrival as he was.

"Uhâ€¦what's up, Dad?" he asked.

Stoick stared at the teens for a moment. "Have you lot been in here the entire day?"

"Kind of," admitted Hiccup, rubbing the back of his neck nervously. "Just hanging out and stuff."

"Right. I need you home, son. There's a massive leak in the roof and Gobber and I need some help."

"What?" cried Hiccup and Astrid. The blonde shot a scathing glare at Tuffnut, but the boy blinked back in confusion.

"You heard me."

Hiccup floundered to come up with an excuse for him not to leave. "I'm not really good with making repairs-"

"Gobber will help. With me. _Now_."

Flinching at the low, dangerous tone, the lanky teen climbed to his feet and shuffled towards his father. "See you guys later," he mumbled. Stoick settled a heavy hand on his son's shoulder and cast a suspicious glance at the rest of the teens.

"Do you plan on staying in here all night?"

"We don't really want to walk through this weather," said Astrid.

"Fine. But stay out of trouble."

The two disappeared into the stormy weather and once the door slammed shut behind them, Astrid slugged Tuffnut in the shoulder while Snotlout and Ruffnut cheered victoriously.

"One down, two left!" cheered Ruffnut.

"What did you do?" snapped Astrid.

"I put a hole in his roof!" said Tuffnut.

"You were supposed to put it in Snotlout's roof!" groaned Fishlegs.

"Excuse me?" asked Snotlout indigently.

"Oh." Tuffnut blinked. "I didn't know. I just picked one."

"Why Hiccup's?"

The boy shrugged. "His house is the closest. I didn't feel like walking any further."

Astrid dragged her hands through her hair in frustration. "Well, now you're going to do Snotlout's house."

"_What?"_

"I'm not going out there. No way. Besides, Spitelout is probably there. I'm not getting busted."

"I'm not going out there either," said Fishlegs apologetically.

Astrid looked out the window at the pounding rain and sighed. "You are going to get it later," she growled to Tuffnut.

"How'd you know it was going to rain?" asked Ruffnut.

"Because I pay attention to the weather signs and patterns," said Astrid flatly.

For the next few hours, she hoped that sleep would claim the two. But with each passing hour it was clear they would not fall asleep. They were wide awake, their faces shining with boredom.

_That's it. Time for the ultimate plan. _

Astrid jumped up and stormed out the door. Snotlout arched an eyebrow. "I thought she didn't want to step foot in the rain."

"Maybe she's giving up," said Ruffnut hopefully.

A Deadly Nadder dragon call suddenly tore through the night and the duo froze. They could distinctly hear an answering call. "She wouldn't," breathed Snotlout.

"She would," said Ruffnut grimly.

"She's gonna go crazy, isn't she?" asked Fishlegs in fear.

Tuffnut grinned. "Oh yeah."

Stormfly soon arrived, and she cooed happily at her rider. Astrid rubbed her muzzle tenderly for a moment before mounting her. "Alright, girl. We have some chickens to scare out of here."

"_Duck and cover!" _screamed Snotlout.

Spikes and plumes of fire shot towards the fleeing teens. The attacks were close enough to scare, but not close enough to do harm. Tuffnut and Fishlegs flipped a table on its side and took cover behind it, peeking around the sides to watch the excitement.

"_What's wrong with you?" _screamed Snotlout, diving to the ground to avoid a small flame blast.

"This is cheating!" shouted Ruffnut, attempting to hide behind the table only to have her brother shove back out into the firing zone.

Stormfly, enjoying the game immensely, happily chased the duo around the room, using her spikes to cut them off and force the teens change direction. Astrid was determined to force them out of the hall.

"All is fair in a dare war!" she shot back, urging Stormfly to fire another volley of spikes to startle Snotlout a little closer towards the doors.

Boom!

Everyone jumped as the doors slammed open. Stoick stood in the doorway and he stared at the upturned tables, broken benches and collection spikes and burn marks. Ruffnut and Snotlout panted, trying to catch their breath. Astrid turned red and slowly slid off of her dragon. Tuffnut and Fishlegs climbed out from their hiding place.

"What. Is. Going. On?"

Astrid bit her lip. "Umâ€¦we were playing tag?"

"Yeah," rasped Snotlout. "We decided to make it a little more interesting."

Stoick rubbed the bridge of his nose in frustration and exasperation. "I thought I told you to behave."

"Sorry," they chorused.

"Clean this place up. I want it in top shape by breakfast," ordered Stoick. "Astrid, send Stormfly home."

"Yes, sir," muttered Astrid.

"I'll be back later to check on you." Stoick gave them all one last glare and stormed out of the hall, leaving the doors open, allowing the teens to see that the rain had stopped.

"Go home, girl," commanded Astrid, settling her palm on Stormfly's muzzle. "I'll see you later."

Stormfly purred softly before flying out. Astrid scanned the mess they had made and sighed heavily.

It would take the rest of the night to clean up, which meant that Ruffnut and Snotlout would win.

"Victory!" whooped Snotlout, high-fiving Ruffnut.

"Shut up," snarled Astrid, storming off to find some cleaning supplies. "I've still got dares to dish out. Just you wait. One of you will be joining me soon enough."

By Thor's hammer, she would _not_ let Snotlout or Ruffnut win this contest. That was one blow her pride wouldn't be able to handle.

****Next chapter: In which Snotlout dares Ruffnut. ****

25. Burn It Off

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****Dare suggested by FlowerPoweredCow.****

****Burn It Off****

Snotlout strode up to the Thorston residence, squinting against the afternoon sunlight. Their disastrous awake-a-thon had ended hours ago, and he had managed to snag five hours of sleep before his father found him snoozing and kicked him out.

"A guy can't sleep until late afternoon anymore," he muttered in irritation. But though his senses were still a bit sluggish, his brain was active, and he had come up with a dare to give to Ruffnut.

He shoved the front door open (as was his custom when it came to the rough-and-tough twins) and the slab of wood smacked against the stone wall. Grunting at the sound, Tuffnut rolled over in his bed and squinted at the figure framed in the doorway.

"What do you want?" he whined, pulling his covers over his head.

Snotlout rolled his eyes. "Shut up and go back to sleep. I need your sister, not you."

"But I don't want to talk to you," groaned Ruffnut.

"And who can sleep with your big mouth flapping?" muttered Tuffnut.

Snotlout gave the boy a sharp kick for his remark before turning back to Ruffnut with his hands on his hips. "By refusing to listen to me you refuse a dare."

Ruffnut reluctantly sat up and pushed a strand of pink hair away from her eyes. "Alright, what is it?"

"It came to me in a dream-" began Snotlout dramatically.

Ruffnut snorted. "Give me a break."

"And what came to me was this-I dare you to light an end of Gobber's mustache on fire."

Tuffnut snorted from beneath his covers and Ruffnut stared at her friend with wide eyes. "Are you crazy?" she cried. "He's going to kill me!"

"Bonus for me," said Snotlout snippily.

Ruffnut threw her pillow at him. Snotlout spluttered as the yellowed object struck him in the face, which quickly turned to gagging. "Ew!" He chucked the foul-smelling item to the floor. "What's on that thing?"

"You don't want to know," muttered Tuffnut. He peeked out and asked,

"You gonna do it sis?"

Ruffnut pursed her lips. "Fine!"

Snotlout grinned. "You have until tomorrow morning. I'll look forward to hearing the screams-whether it's you or Gobber doesn't matter."

"Jerk," said Ruffnut with a scowl as the Jorgenson boy departed. She flopped back against her bed with a frown. "Can't even catch a break."

"There are no breaks in a dare war," said Tuffnut seriously.

Ruffnut yanked on her pink strands. "And I missed my chance to wash this stuff out when it rained during our awake-a-thon."

Tuffnut's lips curled. "Yeah. Well, I'm sure you'llâ€¦get another chance."

Though it wouldn't do any good, considering he sabotaged the hair dye with large amounts of sap to ensure the colour would not get out easily. But of course she didn't know that.

Because if she did, he would most certainly be dead.

â€¦

Night soon descended upon the island of Berk, silver stars sparkling in the inky expanse above. Ruffnut slipped out of her home and made her way silently down the dirt pathway that snaked through the village.

"Wait up!"

The whispered yell nearly caused her heart to jump out of her chest. She glanced over her shoulder and scowled. "What are you doing?" she hissed, punching her brother in the shoulder the second he was close enough for her to strike.

Tuffnut didn't even flinch. "You think I'm missing this?"

Ruffnut crossed her arms. "You think I'm taking you along?"

"Ah, come on, sis. I'm not going to get you busted. Swear."

She eyed him doubtfully. "I can't believe I'm saying thisâ€¦fine. But you better keep that promise. If Gobber throws my butt to nearest island, you can be sure you're coming with me."

They continued on their way, with Ruffnut pausing only for a moment when she spotted a pair of stones she could use to create a spark big enough to set Gobber's impressive mustache on fire. "Soâ€¦forge or his house?" wondered Ruffnut.

Tuffnut squinted ahead, but he could not see the orange orb of light that normally shone through the window of the forge when its blacksmith was there. "Home," he replied.

The twins went for Gobber's abode, finding the place dark as well.

"Here's hoping he's sleeping," said Ruffnut as she approached the door. "Or this is going to be awkward to explain."

The door creaked as it opened the two froze at the sound. They waited tensely, but relaxed when they heard Gobber's thunderous snores coming from upstairs.

"Should we, I don't know, come up with an escape plan?"

Ruffnut glanced at her brother, mildly impressed by his rare showing of smart thinking. "Wellâ€|he's upstairs. We could dive out the window or something."

Tuffnut blinked before nodding. "That works."

The two snuck upstairs. Ruffnut peeked around the doorframe and stared at the massive lump under the covers, the snores coming the large form seeming to rock the room. Taking a deep breath, Ruffnut gripped her stones and crept towards the edge of the bed.

Tuffnut inched his way over to the window, wanting to be the first one out in case all heck broke loose. He flashed his sister a thumbs-up in encouragement, and she rolled her eyes in return.

She held the stones over the right end of Gobber's long blonde mustache. Taking a quick breath, she struck the stones together in a rapid motion until a spark flew off and landed on the strands of hair. It instantly started to smoke, small flames flicking.

Ruffnut shoved her brother out the window, gave Gobber a harsh kick to wake him up before flying out the window after her brother.

Gobber jolted up, a hand flying to his aching side and his mind in a confused haze. The confusion immediately turned to panic when he discovered his rapidly-flaming mustache.

"_Aagghh!"_

â€|

Hiccup entered the Great Hall the following morning at breakfast, zeroing in on his friends sitting at the back of the hall. He went over to them and sat down next to Astrid. "So," he said conversationally. "I heard an impressive scream come from Gobber's house last night. What happened and who was the cause?"

"I gave the dare," said Snotlout cheerfully.

"And I was the one who went through with it," added Ruffnut.

Hiccup frowned. "But what did you do?"

Ruffnut smiled slightly. "I'm sure you'll see soon enough."

Five minutes later, the doors to the Great Hall swung open with a solid bang. Everyone whirled around to see who had made such a loud entrance, and laughter quickly filled the hall.

Gobber slowly walked down the aisle, eyes hard with fury. His

mustache was completely gone, but the teens could make out single marks on the right side of his face.

"He looks ready to kill someone," said Astrid lowly.

"I can't believe you did that," breathed Hiccup.

Ruffnut shrugged. "I'm in it to win it."

Before anyone could respond, a heavy hand slammed onto their tabletop, causing every to shriek and jump. They all looked up to see Gobber glowering down at them, and Ruffnut tried not to look extremely guilty.

"If I _ever _find out one of you is the cause of this," he said dangerously, "I promise you will wish for death after I'm through with you. Do you hear me?"

"Yes sir!" they said hastily.

Gobber stormed off, and Ruffnut blinked. "I think I'm going to pass out now."

And she promptly proceeded to do just that.

****Next chapter: In which Ruffnut dares Hiccup.****

26. Painting the Sheep Pink

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****Goal for this chapter: let's hit 800 reviews, guys. I know you got this!****

****Dare suggested by nightfury153.****

****Painting the Sheep Pink****

Ruffnut waited a few weeks before even thinking about what dare she would give Hiccup. While she didn't fear much, she did fear the wrath of Gobber. Burning off his mustache was perhaps crossing the line, if there _was _a line for Vikings.

After feeding Barf and Belch, she left her brother to his own devices and went in search of Hiccup. She eventually found him sketching in his notebook near the docks. "You can be a hard person to find sometimes," she informed.

Hiccup glanced up at her, squinting against the early morning sun. "Sometimes I try to go somewhere where I won't be found," he returned. "Guess it didn't work this time."

"Has Gobber said anything?"

He smirked at her. "Why? Are you scared?"

"No," Ruffnut automatically denied. She paused for a moment before admitting, "Little bit."

"Don't blame you. He can get frightening when he's furious. It doesn't help that he has that hammer attachment." Hiccup closed his notebook and set it by his feet. "But no, he hasn't said anything. Not to me, anyway. And I haven't heard anything by way of my father."

"I'll take that as a good sign."

"Did you come looking for me just to see if you were in the clear?"

Ruffnut grinned. "No. I've come with a dare."

Hiccup made a face. "Of course you have. What is it?"

"I dare you to paint Mildew's sheep pink," she informed, pointing at him dramatically.

The lanky teen was torn between being relieved and dismayed. Relieved because this was one of the more tame dares, and would not bring too much attention. There was always some juvenile messing with the old grouchy Viking, and so suspicion would not jump immediately to him.

He was dismayed because he knew if he got caught, it would result in a whole lot of trouble he didn't feel like dealing with. "Fine," he agreed after a moment of silence. "But why pink? Why it can't it ever be blue or green?"

Ruffnut arched an eyebrow. "What fun are those colours? Pink is bright and sometimes humiliating, depending on how it's used."

Hiccup smirked. "Like when it's used in your hair?"

Ruffnut scowled, fingers idly playing with her pink locks. Since her hair was starting to grow, her roots were showing, rather obviously. She was able to avoid ridicule thanks to her helmet-though there were still whispered remarks about her odd choice of hair colour.

"Shut up. Some people can pull it off."

"You are not one of those people," teased Hiccup.

He received a punch to the arm for his jest. "Shut up. You're the reason I have to keep it like this. I missed out on the first heavy rainfall thanks to our awake-a-thon. I'm waiting for the next one."

"I'm sure it'll come soon enough," said Hiccup, who was impressed that the girl had kept the colour with little complaint. "And if it doesn't, I might amend my initial statement and let you wash it out."

Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "Gee, thanks. You have until tomorrow afternoon to complete the dare."

"Got it."

She nodded in satisfaction. "I'm off then. Got to find Tuff before he

decides to do something stupid without me."

â€|

After some deep thinking, Hiccup decided to head over to Mildew's at nightfall. It seemed to be the safest time, as he would be cloaked by the darkness and the man would be asleep.

When the silver moon was high in the sky, the teen made the long trek to Mildew's house, situated on the other end of the island. By the time he climbed the cliff, he was sweating and panting, the metal can of paint clutched in his arms.

"Maybe I should have brought Toothless," he wheezed, crouched behind a rock to take a moment to catch his breath.

But he knew that bringing his dragon would probably increase his chances of getting caught. Mildew may have been old, but he wasn't showing signs of slowing down anytime soon. His ears would pick up on the soft sounds of the Night Fury, as he seemed in tune with anything that would get Berk's resident Dragon Trainer in trouble.

His breaths now evening out, Hiccup climbed to his feet and snuck over to Mildew's house. Sneaking around the side, he found an open window. He peeked through and found the fire in the hearth roaring healthily. Eyes flicking around, he spotted the man asleep in his bed, the soft orange glow illuminating him and his sheep, who was snoozing beside the bed.

"Here we go," whispered Hiccup.

"Don't screw up."

It took everything Hiccup had not to scream. He whirled around to find the twins crouched behind him. "What are you doing?" he hissed.

"Wanted to make sure you did the deed," replied Ruffnut.

"Were you following me?"

"Maybe," said Tuffnut. "You took forever, though."

"If you guys were this stealthy during training as you are when you're trying to cause mischief, we wouldn't have half as many problems during missions," said Hiccup flatly.

He climbed through the window and the twins moved forward to watch their friend as he worked. Hiccup lowered himself near the sheep and dipped the paintbrush into the thick mixture. As gently as he could, he worked the paint over Fungus' wool, pausing every time the creature wiggled.

Mildew's snores were low, but they might as well have been as loud as thunder as far as Hiccup was concerned. His heart pounded madly and his hand trembled. It came as a relief when he finished, and Fungus was now a bright pink.

"Nice," whispered Ruffnut.

Hiccup slowly stood up and backed up. His back struck something solid there was a resounding _crash!_

Mildew jolted upwards with a "Wha-?"

Panicked, Hiccup flung the contents of the paint can at the man, preventing him from getting a clear view of who was intruding. Hiccup dove out the window, Mildew's screams ringing in his ears. Fungus snoozed on, undisturbed.

He joined the twins in the mad dash for freedom. He nearly fell and broke his neck from the way he was hauling butt down the cliff. When they reached the village the Thorston twins hurried for their home while Hiccup stumbled up the slope towards his front door.

As silent as he could in his frantic state he entered his house and went straight to his room. Toothless opened his eyes and stared sleepily at his human, who was looking paler than normal.

Hiccup set the paint can and paint brush in front of his dragon. "Burn it," he whispered. "Burn it until there's nothing!"

He then dove under his covers. Rolling his eyes, Toothless obeyed, burning the items until they were nothing more than ashes and barely recognizable material. _Idiot, _he thought, not without fondness.

Hiccup cowered under his covers, extremely grateful that Mildew lived far away from the rest of Berk's inhabitants, where no one could hear his enraged screams.

****Next chapter: In which Astrid intervenes and dares Ruffnut.****

27. A Concoction of Nasty Proportions

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****Over 800 reviews, thanks a million! I appreciate all of your support and feedback!****

****Dare suggested by The Prime Writer.****

****A Concoction of Nasty Proportions****

Hiccup managed to linger in his abode up until one in the afternoon the following day. But the hunger pains in his stomach were too much to ignore, and there was little food stocked in their cupboards. He also knew his father would get suspicious at his reluctance to venture outside.

Heaving a sigh, Hiccup stepped out the front door and into the sunlight. He went straight for the Great Hall, eyes darting to and fro in paranoia. While he knew Mildew did not get a clear view of him, the old Viking was always quick to pin any sort of blame on the lanky dragon rider.

He entered the Great Hall and found the twins and Fishlegs sitting at a wooden table in the back of the hall. He made a beeline for them

and dropped down beside Fishlegs, who looked up from his plate of meat to look at him in sympathy.

"Ruffnut told us what happened. You okay?"

"I'm still breathing, so yeah," replied Hiccup.

Ruffnut grinned. "I was wondering if you would cower in your house all day. Good to see you have some backbone."

Hiccup shot her a withering glare. "Shut up. Has Mildew shown his face yet?"

"You didn't hear him screaming at your father?" asked Ruffnut in amusement. "The old geezer was throwing a fit. Fungus still had some paint left on him-apparently, it's not easy to clean the stuff out of wool."

Hiccup gulped nervously. "Does my dad suspect me?"

Fishlegs shook his head. "Someone took the blame."

"Who?" asked Hiccup in astonishment.

"Who's the stupidest one here right now?" asked Ruffnut with a smirk.

The brunette swivelled his head to stare at Tuffnut in disbelief. The male Thorston tilted his helmet up slightly, revealing a decent-sized bump. "I figured I might as well help out by taking the blame of some of these dares," he explained.

"It's also really suspicious for Tuffnut not to be getting in trouble," added Fishlegs. "So we have a scapegoat if we need someone to be blamed for a dare."

Hiccup placed a hand over his heart. "Tuff, you are a true, brave man."

Tuffnut grinned, despite the pain he was currently experiencing in his noggin. "I've taken enough hits from Chief to be used to them."

"Dad normally doles out a punishment along with his correctional smacks," Hiccup said with a slight frown. "Is it a bad one?"

"I gotta help out the old geezer for a few days. It's gonna suck, but we've been through worse punishments."

"_Boo!_"

Hiccup jolted, a rather unmanly yelp leaving his lips as something heavy clamped onto his shoulders. He whipped around and his frightened eyes immediately turned into a glare at the sight of his cousin. "Snotlout!"

The teen cackled. "The one and only."

"Yo, dorko. We haven't seen you all day." Ruffnut rested her chin in her hand.

"I've been helping Astrid out."

There was something about the way he said, with a smug smile and mischievous tone that caused his friends to stare at him. Hiccup and Ruffnut exchanged glances. "From the way you say it, it seems as if Astrid is going to give one of us a dare," said Hiccup slowly. "And since you helped her do whatever, the dare obviously isn't for you."

"Nope." Snotlout crossed his arms. "It's for her."

Ruffnut scowled. "Wait a minute! Shouldn't it be your turn?"

"There's only the three of us left. We can't give dare-backs. But Astrid, Tuffnut and Fishlegs can."

"This is bull. Where's the rulebook?"

Fishlegs snorted. "Like there's really any rules to this crazy contest."

Ruffnut huffed. "Fine. Whatever. What does Miss Priss dare me to do?"

"Go ask her yourself. She's waiting for you outside of her house."

"This doesn't sound so good," muttered Fishlegs nervously.

"What are you worrying about?" Ruffnut leaned over and punched the husky boy in the arm. "You've been out of this thing for a while."

"And I'm so grateful for that," said Fishlegs feelingly.

The teens got up and filed out of the Great Hall. As they made the walk to the Hofferson household, Ruffnut pursed her lips and tried to think of what the blonde bombshell had in mind. But there were too many possibilities, most of which she didn't want to dwell on.

They reached Astrid's home and the girl was waiting on her front steps. A silver pot rested beside her, a lid firmly on top. "Alright, I'm here," said Ruffnut. "What's the dare?"

Astrid smiled deviously. "I dare you to eat everything in this pot. If you don't succeed or you puke, you lose a pass."

Immediately dread filled the pit of Ruffnut's stomach. She approached the pot and slowly lifted the lid. "Ugh!"

Fishlegs clamped a hand over his nose as a disgusting stench permeated the air. "What the heck is that?"

"I'm gonna vomit," gagged Hiccup.

Snotlout rolled his eyes. After spending most of the day helping Astrid make the concoction, he had grown used to the smell. "Don't be a wuss."

Tuffnut grinned. "That's so nasty. You're gonna vomit everywhere."

"What's _in _there?" demanded Ruffnut, leaning away from the pot, lid hanging loosely from her fingers.

"A dozen rotten eggs, some slabs of meat I left in the sun for a few days and then undercooked, some of the scrap intestines that the butcher keeps in the waste barrels and half a dozen fish that Toothless regurgitated for me," listed Astrid.

"You're evil."

"I try."

Hiccup and the others (with the exception of Snotlout) moved as far back as they could, trying to get away from the smell of the mixed rotten foods. Ruffnut stared at the stew with narrowed eyes. "I hate you."

"No you don't."

With a sigh, Ruffnut accepted the spoon Astrid offered to her and scooped some out. The stew resembled dark brown sludge, with large chunks half-smothered in gravy that did not look to be fresh. Taking a breath, she screwed her eyes shut and shoved the spoon into her mouth.

"Ooh, she's turning green," snickered Tuffnut.

His sister's face had indeed turned a sickly green as her taste buds absorbed the far from appetizing flavour of the food.

"What's it taste like?" asked Astrid in genuine curiosity.

"Like Tuffnut's mouldy socks mixed with Pop's shoes that have been left out in the rain for a week," Ruffnut rasped before taking another bite. Her stomach screamed in protest but she managed to keep control. She hoped her iron stomach would be enough to get her through this.

She kept a rapid pace, shovelling the stew into her mouth and swallowing it as quickly as she could. She was at least grateful that Astrid had only filled the pot halfway. Her hand clutched at her stomach, which started bubbling in protest at her twenty-fifth spoonful.

She could see the bottom of the pot and her trembling hand went to take another scoop. But her stomach turned so violently that she could not ignore it and dropped to her knees. The spoon clattered to the ground as everything she had just eaten came flying back up in a harsh, messy manner.

"Ew, it's coming up in chunks," groaned Fishlegs, closing his eyes.

"Well, maybe she won't get sick if she pukes it up now," said Hiccup, feeling sorry for the pink-haired girl.

"I admire your effort," said Astrid sincerely. "You almost had it."

"I don't think anyone would be able to finish this mess," said Snotlout.

Tuffnut moved over to his sister and took hold of her hair, moving all stray strands out of her face. "Ooh, your face is _really _green. I don't think it's supposed to be that colour."

Ruffnut could not offer a retort. Her throat burned, her stomach felt like it was melting and her eyes watered as she was forced to expel the rotten food from her system.

"You guys bring her to Gothi. We'll get rid of the evidence," said Astrid, handing the soiled pot to Snotlout, who took it with a wrinkled nose.

Hiccup went over and helped Tuffnut support the ill Ruffnut. Fishlegs followed after them as they started slowly to Gothi's residence, having to pause frequently to let Ruffnut throw up.

"Hey, wait," said Hiccup suddenly over Ruffnut's retching noises. "Does that mean I'm winning?"

Fishlegs nodded. "Yeah. You haven't lost a pass yet."

The lanky teen grinned widely. "Well. How about that?"

_Enjoy it while you can, _thought Ruffnut determinedly. _You are _not _winning this thing that easily._

****Next chapter: In which Ruffnut dares Snotlout.****

28. Well-Laid Plan

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****We're reaching the last batch of chapters. I'm hoping to have everything wrapped up by Chapter 35. Longest this will go is Chapter 40. Since we're nearing the end, we have three options.****

1) You vote for the winner. Will you chose Ruffnut, Hiccup or Snotlout to claim victory?

2) The contest ends in a draw, with the teens getting busted and getting punished accordingly. But before they steer clear from dares for the foreseeable future, they all participate in one last ultimate group dare.

3) You let me pick the outcome, which could end in a single winner or no clear winner at all.

****There's a poll on my profile. Go there to leave a vote for the ending you want. Any questions, just PM me. This story wouldn't have made it this far without you guys, so it's only fair you get to chose how you want _Of Teens and Dares _to end.****

****Dare suggested by ultraflamer500.****

****Well-Laid Plan****

When Tuffnut returned to their dragon's barn with a basket of fish, it was to see his sister in the same position she had been in since he left fifteen minutes ago. "Dude, what's your problem?"

Ruffnut kept her face scrunched up as she tried to concentrate harder. "It doesn't make sense."

"Uhâ€¦you're going to have to be a little clearer. Lots of things don't make sense to us."

She turned a frustrated look on him. "There is no way _Hiccup Haddock _is winning this thing. I refuse to believe it."

Tuffnut pursed his lips as he tried to think as far back through the many dares they had done as he could. "No, you're right," he finally said. "Chief dragged him out of the Great Hall during the awake-a-thon."

Ruffnut sprang up, slamming her fist into the palm of her hand. "I knew it!" she exclaimed. "I knew he messed up somewhere! Those jerks, trying to cheat like that!"

Tuffnut rubbed his chin. "Maybe Astrid, but I think everyone else forgot. It's really hard to remember who lost a pass and how many they lost. We shoulda had someone keep track of it. Eh. Too late now."

Eyes narrowed in deep concentration, Ruffnut started to pace the length of the barn. "We're all tied up. Me, Hiccup and Snotlout are in the champion's circle."

"More like triangle," corrected Tuffnut. "There's only three of you."

"Right. Triangle." Ruffnut rocked back on her heels. "Okay. Since Astrid intervened, I could technically dare Hiccup, couldn't I?"

Tuffnut shrugged. "I dunno. Guess we'd have to take a vote. Or you would have to punch either Astrid or Hiccup into submission."

"Who should I target next?" muttered Ruffnut, arms crossed. "The threat or Astrid's ticket to ensure I don't winâ€¦"

"Or you could think of it in terms of who you want to be the one daring you."

Ruffnut blinked. "That'sâ€¦that's smart. Stop it. You scare me when you do that."

"Sorry."

"Okayâ€¦am I going to want Snotlout to dare me or Hiccup? Well, assuming that the others won't intervene for a bit." Ruffnut considered her options. She could dare Snotlout, who may think up an ugly dare to get back at her (depending on how ugly a dare she was going to give him). She could dare Hiccup and try to manipulate it so

that he would give up his final pass.

Dare Snotlout. That way, he'll give an ugly dare to Hiccup, which has just a good a chance at making him lose. When Hiccup has to dare you, it won't be half as bad as what Snotlout could think up. Hiccup's personality wouldn't allow it.

"I'll dare Snotlout," she decided. "I just have to figure out how far or how safe I should take it."

"Yeah, you do that." Tuffnut collapsed down on a pile of hay and closed his eyes. "I'm taking a nap."

â€|

Lunch rolled around and the twins were the last ones to join their friends. Tuffnut sat next to Snotlout while his sister remained standing. "Snotlout, I have a question for you," began Ruffnut. "How is it possible that Hiccup Haddock is beating us?"

Snotlout stabbed at his steak grumpily. "I try not to think about it."

"I'll tell you how-it _isn't _possible!" Ruffnut jabbed a finger at the lanky auburn-haired teen, who recoiled. "He lost a pass at the awake-a-thon!"

"Could you be any louder?" hissed Fishlegs, glancing around in paranoia to see if they were overheard.

"You cheater!" snapped Snotlout, punching his cousin sharply in the shoulder.

Hiccup flinched. "I totally forgot about it, swear!"

"To be fair, we all did," pointed out Astrid. "I'm just surprised the twins are the ones who remembered."

"I'm suspicious of you," grumbled Ruffnut, eyes narrowed slightly. "I think you knew very well that we were tied up and were hoping we wouldn't remember so Hiccup could take the lead."

"That's stupid. I wouldn't do that."

It was said with a lack of conviction, and Ruffnut knew she was on the nose. "My eyes are open," she warned. "I'm watching you."

"Whatever," mumbled Astrid. "You'll be joining our ranks before you know it."

Ignoring her female companion, Ruffnut turned eyes on Snotlout. "I dare you to hang from Hookfang's neck, upside-down, and ride him around the island three times."

Snotlout considered this. "That's not so bad," he said slowly, suddenly suspicious. "Why isn't it so bad?"

"Yeah, he does that twice a month _accidentally,_ " added Tuffnut with a smirk.

"I can think up something worse, if you want," offered Ruffnut.

Snotlout shook his head wildly. "No, no, it's cool. I'll do it."

"Great. I'll see you in three hours. You can start and end at the docks."

"Why do I have feeling this isn't going to be as easy as it sounds?" asked Snotlout lowly.

"Because it probably isn't," replied Fishlegs.

Three hours later passed by faster than Snotlout expected them too. Getting on his dragon, he flew over to the docks, where his friends were already waiting. Hookfang landed beside Toothless, who joined Hiccup on this particular excursion, and gave a low rumble in greeting.

"_What do you think this one is about?" _he asked.

Toothless snorted softly. "_Guess we're about to find out. Whatever it is, I'm glad it's not me."_

"_Thanks," _grumbled Hookfang.

Snotlout patted his Monstrous Nightmare on the side of his head. "Listen up. We need to get this right. She will take _any _little mistake and use it to make it so that I fail. We are circling this island three times. You pass over _this point _three times. That's all you have to do," he stressed. "I'll be hanging upside-down from your neck. Got it?"

_I got it, but I don't understand it, _thought Hookfang in bemusement. _But fine. I won't mess with you. Today, anyway._

Snotlout relaxed slightly at the growl of agreement Hookfang gave him. "Okay. Cool. Let's do this."

Swinging himself around, he dangled from Hookfang's neck, legs clasped firmly together to keep him attached to his Monstrous Nightmare. The burly teen pointed a warning finger at the observing female Thorston. "You do anything to mess this up and I swear on Thor's Hammer that you'll regret it."

Ruffnut held up her hands. "No funny business. Swear."

"Alright. Go, Hookfang!"

The Monstrous Nightmare took off into the air, starting a perfect circle around the island. Astrid watched them depart before turning a suspicious eye on Ruffnut. "This is too easy."

"Yeah."

"Why?"

Ruffnut smirked. "I gave Snotlout an easy dare. He'll feel compelled to give me an easy one the next time he has to dare me. But when it comes to Hiccup, he has no sympathy. He'll go all out and it'll most likely get dirty. It might be a dare ten times worse than anything I could have ever imagined."

"She used strategy," realized Fishlegs in awe.

Hiccup and Astrid stared in stunned disbelief. "You mean you chose to dare Snotlout for the very fact that he would _have _to dare me next?" he cried out.

Ruffnut nodded. "Uh-huh. And if there happens to be an intervention, where _I'm _the one who gets dared, I'll know something is up. Because the only three able to intervene and issue dares are you three." She pointed at Astrid, Fishlegs and Tuffnut. "If there's a devious dare given by Fishlegs, I'll know who it came from. Tuffnut wouldn't dare go against me, not at this point. Which leaves Miss Priss."

Astrid gritted her teeth together. "You're a little witch, you know that?"

"When did you get smart?" asked Hiccup in dismay.

"Oh, I'm not smart," dismissed Ruffnut. "Just evil."

There was a great _whoosh _as Hookfang flew over them, completing the first lap. _"Snotlout, Snotlout! Oi! Oi! Oi!" _he chanted as he passed.

There was no doubt about it. He was going to finish this dare with no problems. Astrid clenched her fists together, both impressed and frustrated by Ruffnut's quick thinking. Hiccup trembled slightly, already envisioning the horrible possibilities of dares Snotlout would give him.

Ruffnut stretched, a smug smile on her lips. She, Snotlout and Hiccup were all tied up. Only one could win.

The finish line was within view. Now was the fight to the winner's circle.

****Next chapter: In which Snotlout dares Hiccup.****

29. Rolling With the Pigs

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****If you haven't already voted for the ending of this story, be sure to cast a vote in the poll on my profile.****

****Dare suggested by Ohsochich, with a few tweaks made by me.****

****Rolling With the Pigs****

When Snotlout arrived at his front door, Hiccup knew there was a good

chance his life was over. It was a few days after his cousin completed Ruffnut's dare, which meant he probably spent a lot of time carefully figuring out his dare.

"What fresh torture have you brought me?" asked Hiccup with a heavy sigh.

Snotlout smirked. "You're gonna like this one. I dare you to go running through the village in your underwear, jump in the pig pen, swim with the pigs, go running back through the village and stay in the forest for three hours without your clothes."

Hiccup stared for a long moment. Finally he said, "You're crazy."

"Do you accept?"

The brunette ran a hand down his face. "Yes, fine, I accept."

Snotlout grinned widely. "I cannot wait to see this. I'll meet you in the plaza in an hour. I'm gonna round up the others."

He took off and Hiccup slouched against the doorframe. "Curse you, Ruffnut. Curse you."

The hour passed by in a flash and Hiccup knew he could not delay the inevitable. He was not going to let his cousin beat him out, and he definitely wasn't going to let Ruffnut's devious plan succeed. Taking a breath, he stripped down to his grey underpants.

"_What are you doing?"_

The soft growl caused Hiccup to look over his shoulder. Toothless stood on the stairs, staring at him. "Don't ask."

"_that's probably for the best."_

Toothless lumbered back to his human's room and Hiccup glared after him. "Well, you could have at least offered some support!" Huffing, he opened the front a crack and peered out. The coast was clear.

Stepping outside, his pale, skinny body was exposed to the cold Berk environment. Shivering, he jogged down the slope, the grass sticking to his bare feet. Once he reached the plaza, he was immediately greeted with stunned stares from his fellow Berkians. Face turning red, he tried to ignore their frantic whisperings as he joined with his friends.

"I can't believe you agreed to this," muttered Ruffnut, crossing her arms.

Astrid smiled. "He's not going to back down so easily," she said proudly.

"At least we'll be entertained," laughed Tuffnut.

"This is cruel and unusual," said Fishlegs, feeling great sympathy for his friend.

"So is Snotlout," muttered Hiccup under his breath. "Alright, let's get this over with."

He took off, running as fast as he could through the village. Blood pounded in his ears and he stared straight ahead, not wanting to see the expressions of the Vikings he was passing. The wind caused goosebumps to prickle along his flesh.

"If I get a cold, I am not going to be happy," he grumbled.

It took a few minutes for him to reach the mud pit, where half a dozen plump pink pigs were rolling about. Hiccup launched over the wooden fence and landed in the thick brown mud with a plop. He rolled around in it for a few seconds before moving his arms and legs in a swimming motion.

This is so stupid. What's wrong with me?

Many things, his second inner-voice replied.

Shut up.

Climbing to his feet, Hiccup's body was coated with mud. Stumbling over the fence (he swore the pigs were laughing at him) he raced back through the village, getting fresh reactions from the passing Vikings, who were now seriously considering that Stoick's son had finally snapped.

"I don't like you," he hissed towards his friends, who collapsed in hysterical fits of laughter at the sight of him. Even Astrid and Fishlegs were having difficulty concealing their amusement. He ran straight for the woods that covered most of Berk, winding around the trees. His foot was now aching as it stepped on stones and sharp twigs.

He only stopped when he felt he was deep enough in the forest. He dropped onto a fallen log and panted heavily, hands resting on his knees. His chest hurt and his lungs burned as he tried to catch his breath. Looking around the dense, insect-ridden forest, he only had one thought cross his mind.

I need new friends.

â€|

The five teens sat on the slope that led to the Haddock household, waiting for their friend to arrive. The three hours had passed, with the weather growing colder and the sky growing cloudy. Astrid's brow was crinkled with concern. "I hope he's okay out there."

"He'll be fine," said Snotlout, laying on the grass with his arms tucked behind his head. "He's handled worse."

Ruffnut spotted a figure coming towards them and she grinned. "Look, it's the Creature from the Deep."

Hiccup trudged towards them, hunched over and arms hanging limply by his sides. Half of his body was caked in dried mud and every piece of skin not slicked with mud was covered in insect bites. His hair was

sticking up at all ends and he was shivering violently. He moved about gingerly, picking his foot up with careful movement. Cuts and bruises dotted the bottom of it.

"You okay?" Fishlegs asked when Hiccup came within earshot.

The brunette stared at him with a flat expression. "What do you think?"

Fishlegs flushed. "Sorry. Figured I ought to ask."

"Dude, what did you do in the forest for three hours?" asked Tuffnut.

"Almost got eaten alive by bugs. Feared that it would start to rain. Questioned what I'm doing with my life." Hiccup walked past them and approached his front door. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to bathe for the next four hours, spend another two hours cleaning my prosthetic and sleep for the rest of my life."

He disappeared inside. Astrid bit her lip, torn between amusement and sympathy. "I think you broke him."

"He wasn't normal to begin with," dismissed Snotlout, slightly impressed that his cousin managed to successfully complete his dare.

The door creaked open, causing the five teens to look over their shoulders. Hiccup peered out at them, face suddenly deadly serious.

"If I get my butt booted off to a deserted island because I've been deemed mad, none of you will escape Toothless' wrath. I'll make sure of it."

****Next chapter: In which Hiccup dares Ruffnut.****

30. Confessions

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****If you haven't already voted for the ending of this story, be sure to cast a vote in the poll on my profile. You have until July 6****th**** to cast your vote. I'll close the poll then.****

****Dare suggested by The Prime Writer, with a small tweak made by me.****

****Confessions****

A heavy hammering sounded on the Thorston household door, rousing Tuffnut from his slumber. Grumbling in irritation, he slapped his helmet over his knotted greasy blonde hair. He stumbled over to the door and yanked it open. "What?"

Hiccup stood on their porch, wearing an expression of serene calm that instantly put Tuffnut on edge. "Hello, Tuff. Is your sister here?"

"Uhâ€|yeah. She's still sleeping. It's like, super early."

"I'm afraid I must speak to her now. It's rather important."

His voice was pleasant and there was an odd smile on his face. Slowly backing up, Tuffnut suddenly felt sorry for whatever his sister would be put through. For Hiccup to go from super frustrated and irritated to calm and collected in a matter of days after his humiliating display meant danger was on the horizon.

"Okay. You wait here. I'll get her." Tuffnut hastily shut the door and hurried over to Ruffnut's bedside. "Sis! Get up!" He shook her frantically. "I think Hiccup has come to kill you!"

"Shut up," she groaned, shooting out her fist. Tuffnut dodged it and resumed his insistent shaking. Scowling, the girl finally opened her eyes and sat up. "What?!" she snapped.

"Hiccup is outside and he's scaring me," hissed Tuffnut. "I think you're about to die."

Ruffnut sighed and got up. She put on her helmet and shuffled over to the front door. She opened it, and was immediately tempted to close it again when Hiccup's serene expression transformed into one of deviousness.

"Uhâ€|what's up?" she managed to get out.

Hiccup pointed at her. "The time has come."

"I knew it." Tuffnut moved behind her. "Your death has arrived. I call getting all your stuff."

Irritated, she elbowed her brother in the stomach. "What is it?" she asked reluctantly.

"I dare you to take responsibility for two of the dares I've done, and two of the dares you've done."

As her brother burst into laughter behind her, Ruffnut was positive her heart stopped for a moment. She glared at him and Hiccup only smiled. "Your plan to try to get me out of this dare contest failed. I now bring down fire and brimstone upon you."

"Right," she said heavily. _I think we broke himâ€| _"Fine. Whatever. You're gonna regret this."

"Probably. For now, I'll enjoy watching you suffer."

He practically skipped off, over the moon with his brilliant dare. Ruffnut scowled after him and slammed the door shut. "Okay, so my plan backfired." She stormed over to her brother, who was rolling on the floor in hysterics. She kicked him in the side, furious. "Shut _up_. It's not funny! I'm going to have confess to Stoick, and that'll either end in my decapitation or banishment."

Tuffnut sat up, managing to get a hold of himself. "Sorry, sis. I didn't think Hiccup would stoop that low. It sounds like something we would come up with."

"He probably wants to prove a point now." Ruffnut crossed her arms. "He's showing he can fight just as dirty as we can."

"Too bad he has nothing on us." Tuffnut grinned.

"I'll get him back," Ruffnut vowed. "But first I have to confess to four dares. Was Hiccup the one who stole Stoick's helmet?"

"No. That was me."

"Oh. Uhâ€¦" Her face screwed up. "So, what dares did Hiccup do, again?"

"He cut off Stoick's beard. He also dumped dragon poo on Spitelout. Oh, and he painted Mildew's sheep pink." Tuffnut thought for another moment. "Those are the only ones I can think of, anyway."

"And I put a dragon egg under Stoick's bed, burned off half of Gobber's mustache and dared Astrid to have a sleepover with Hiccup." Ruffnut crossed her arms. "Fantastic."

"Those are horrible choices."

"I guess I'll confess to putting a dragon egg under Stoick's bed," she muttered. "I've messed with the guy before. I can't exactly confess to making Astrid sleep in Hiccup's bed. Astrid doesn't listen to anyone if she doesn't want to, so that'll arise suspicions."

Tuffnut smirked. "Guess you'll be wishing for death when Gobber gets through with you."

Ruffnut nodded, feeling sick to her stomach. "Yeah. I'm trying not to think about that. As for taking the blame for Hiccup's dares, I'll say I'm the one who painted Mildew's sheep pink. That's no big deal. Uhâ€¦and I'll tell Spitelout I'm the one who dumped dragon poo on him. There is no _way _I'm taking the blame for cutting off Stoick's beard."

"You're so screwed."

"Shut up." Ruffnut flopped down on her bed, resting her chin against the palm of her hand. "But we have another problem."

"What?"

"When have we ever willingly confessed to something? And when have we ever done something stupid without each other?"

"Is that a trick question?"

"No." Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "The answer is hardly ever."

Tuffnut scratched the back of his neck, brow furrowed. "Are you going somewhere with this?"

"Isn't it going to look suspicious if I just waltz up and admit to these things?"

He shrugged. "That's not really your problem, is it?"

Ruffnut huffed. "You are so not helpful." She stood up and started for the door. "So I'm probably not going to make it back. Give Hiccup a super nasty dare for me."

"Sure thing." Tuffnut saluted his sister. "You were a pain to live with."

Ruffnut stepped outside, where it had started to rain. It was a steady drizzle, the cool drops causing goosebumps to prickle along her bare arms. "Least the hair dye will finally come out," she muttered, running her fingers through her pink, medium-length hair.

Deciding to check the Great Hall first, she hurried up the stone steps and eased the wooden door open. She peeked inside and her heart completely fell at the sight of Stoick, Gobber and Spitelout sitting at a table near the back of the hall. There were only a few other Vikings inside.

Why me?

"Dude, that sucks."

Startled, Ruffnut couldn't even whirl around. Her brother grabbed hold of her shoulders and pushed himself up so he could peer through the crack as well. "They're all in one spot. You can't even waste time."

"What are you doing?" she hissed.

Tuffnut dropped back to the ground. "I thought about it. I decided that I wanted to see them flip out."

"Gee, thanks."

"And I figured that I might as well offer my support or something," he added gruffly. "You know, in case I need a favour later on. You'll owe me."

Ruffnut could not help but smile. "Thanks, dork."

"Whatever, butt-elf."

Taking a breath, Ruffnut pushed the door open wider and entered the hall, her brother trailing behind her. She could see that Gobber had trimmed down his mustache so that it was even. She flinched. She was so dead.

"Heads up," Spitelout said lowly. "Thorston twins incoming."

Eyebrow arched, Stoick looked over his shoulder to see the pair of blondes making their way towards them. "She doesn't look so good," mused Spitelout.

Indeed, Ruffnut did not look good. She was paler than normal, her left hand rubbing the side of her neck nervously. The girl approached the table, her brother standing behind her. "Hey," she greeted.

Stoick set down his mug and crossed his arms. "What is it?"

"Okay, so, I've done something that I actually feel bad about," she said.

Gobber pointed his hook at her. "You burned off my mustache, didn't you?!"

Ruffnut gave a slow nod. "Sorry."

"I knew it!" Gobber thumped his fist down on the table. "You little heathen! Oooh, I've got some punishments for you, missy!"

"Wait," interjected Stoick. He looked at Ruffnut suspiciously. "You're admitting to this?"

"I feel bad. I've crossed a couple lines lately--"

"Did you cut off my beard?" he asked, voice low and dangerous.

Ruffnut shook her head wildly. "No, I swear. But I did put that dragon egg under your bed last Snoggletog."

Spitelout's eyes narrowed. "Were you the brat who dumped dragon poo on me a few months ago?"

"Uhâ€¦I wasn't planning on admitting to that one," she lied. "But now that you bring it up, yeah. It was me."

Spitelout turned to Gobber. "After you're done with her, send her to me."

"Anything else you've done that you want to confess to?" Stoick asked, half sarcastic.

"Umâ€¦I painted Mildew's sheep pink a while ago." Ruffnut pretended to think before giving a nod. "Yeah, that's about all I'm willing to admit to right now." She then let out a yelp when Gobber took hold of her pink locks and dragged her from the hall. "Ouch! Gob-ber!"

"I'll make you sharpen swords and axes until your hands go numb," he vowed, keeping an iron grip on the squirming girl. "Then you'll be scrubbing down my entire forge with a rag."

Spitelout scowled and stabbed at his meat with a fork. "She'll be mucking stalls for me until she becomes so used to the stench fresh air will stink to her."

Stoick ran a hand down the side of his face. He looked at the lingering Thorston boy. "Let me get one thing straight. All those things she did, you had no part in?"

"Nope." Tuffnut rocked back on his heels. "All her. Uhâ€¦thanks, for not getting super mad at her."

Stoick snorted. "Oh, trust me, I'm boiling on the inside. Once Spitelout and Gobber are through with her, she's going to wish for banishment once I get my hands on her."

For a brief moment, Tuffnut felt sorry for his sister. But that feeling quickly disappeared when he remembered that Ruffnut would grow suspicious once she realized that the rain wasn't even making a dent in removing the pink colour from her hair.

Then _he _would have some confessing to do.

****Next chapter: In which Tuffnut intervenes and dares Hiccup.****

31. Hiccup's Icy Soak

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****So we have a clear winner, as determined by you guys from the poll. I won't reveal it here, so you'll have to wait to find out how this story is going to end. Hopefully I do it justice.****

****Dare suggested byâ€|me! xD ****

****Hiccup's Icy Soak****

Strolling through the village, Astrid paused at the sight of a familiar blonde male standing in his front yard. She arched an eyebrow as she watched Tuffnut lick his finger and stick it high in the air, eyes narrowed in concentration. Though she knew she ought to leave him be, her curiosity took over and she made her way over to him.

"What are you doing?" she asked, setting her hands on her hips once she stopped just in front of him.

Tuffnut tilted his head down to look at her, and she got a clear view of his black right eye. "Seeing how cold it is," he replied, lowering his arm.

"Okayâ€|" She was torn between asking for a further explanation and inquiring about his newest injury. "We'll get back to that. Before we do, what happened to you?"

"When Hiccup dared Ruffnut to dye her hair pink, I added extra sap so that it would last longer," he explained. "She tried using the rain a few days ago to get it out, but it didn't work. There's not really anyone else stupid enough to mess with her like that, so she immediately came to him and punched my lights out."

"Makes sense. So is that where your other half is? Trying to get it out?"

Tuffnut nodded. "She said I better pray that she gets it out, or else I'll be sleeping with the fishes. Which I guess means she's gonna throw me in the sea."

Astrid smirked at the mental image of Ruffnut scrubbing furiously at her hair in an attempt to get out the unwanted colour. "And you want to see how cold it is becauseâ€|?"

"I'm intervening and giving a dare to Hiccup."

Posture stiffening, Astrid turned suspicious eyes on the male Thorston. "What, exactly, are you going to dare him to do?"

"You'll see." He crossed his arms. "It'll happen soon enough. Probably tomorrow morning. That's when it'll be cold enough. See you later."

He went inside and Astrid slowly started off, suddenly nervous for what Hiccup would have to endure at the crazy mind of Tuffnut Thorston.

â€

In the early hours of the following morning, Ruffnut was rudely awakened by her brother, who shook her shoulders impatiently. "I'll murder you," she growled, cracking her eyes open. "You're still not off the hook for my hair."

It had taken the majority of the day, with intense scrubbing at the hot springs, but her hair now lacked most of its vibrancy. After another wash or two, she would be back to her normal blonde colour.

"I have a dare for Hiccup. It's a good one, too."

Now intrigued, she sat up and rubbed at her eyes. "What would that be?"

"It's a surprise." He grinned. "A really horrible surprise for him, anyway. Go wake up the others and bring them to the beach. Everything is already set up."

"Don't tell me what to do." She punched him in the shoulder, but stood up and put her helmet on. "Geez, how long have you been up?"

"For a while."

They started outside, where the sky was grey and the sun was barely peeking over the horizon. They split off once they reached the village, with Ruffnut gathering their friends and Tuffnut jogging towards the Haddock household. He knew he would have to be quiet, for after seeing his sister come home with bloody, blistered hands and throbbing feet from all the labour Gobber, Spitelout and Stoick had put her through, he did not want to have the same experience.

Easing the door open, he could hear Stoick's thunderous snores coming from his bedroom. He tiptoed up the stairs and paused at the top when he found Toothless in a protective stance near Hiccup's bed, eyes narrowed and mouth formed in a snarl. His stance relaxed somewhat at the sight of a familiar face, but his eyes seemed to radiate suspicion.

"I have a dare for him," explained Tuffnut. "It's gonna be great."

_You guys are still on this crazy game? _Toothless thought in disbelief. _Alpha almighty, when does it end?_

Shaking his head, the Night Fury slunk back to bed, feeling only

slightly sorry for whatever his human would be put through. Tuffnut went over to Hiccup and punched his sleeping form. The auburn-haired teen shot upwards with a soft yelp of pain.

"What are you doing?" he hissed at Tuffnut.

"I've come with a dare." Tuffnut pointed dramatically at him. "A dare that will happen this very moment!"

"But it's Ruffnut turn to dare someone," said Hiccup slowly. "Why are you intervening?"

"Cause she can't dare you," explained Tuffnut. "And by me daring you now, you can't dare her back."

"Why not?!"

"You guys can't do dare-backs. Just because I'm intervening doesn't matter. I'm not in the game. I can dare whoever I want. You can't."

Hiccup scowled. "There's some twisted reasoning in there somewhere. I'm almost positive this is a form of cheating."

"No, it's legit," dismissed Tuffnut. "Now, I dare you to take an ice bath for ten minutes in your underwear."

"An ice bath? _Now?_" Hiccup stared out his window in dismay. "It looks freezing out there!"

"It is," said Tuffnut cheerfully. "Let's go."

Huffing in irritation, Hiccup climbed out of bed and reluctantly followed after his friend. They went all the way down to the shores of the beach, where their friends were waiting. Hiccup's heart sunk at the sight of a steel tub sitting in the sand, filled three-quarters of the way with water. There were dozens of small chunks of ice floating at the surface.

"Good luck," was all Fishlegs could offer.

"This was so worth getting up for!" laughed Snotlout.

Groaning softly, Hiccup reluctantly stripped down to his underwear, conscious of the two females watching him. He put one leg into the tub and could not stop the high-pitched shriek that left his lips.

"If that was supposed to be manly, I'm afraid you're way off," said Ruffnut with a grin.

Gritting his teeth together, Hiccup slowly eased his body into the water. It felt like he was being stabbed by tons of prickly needles. He submerged himself to his chest, goosebumps prickling across his skin. Gripping his knees, his teeth immediately started to chatter from the chill.

"Ooh, that looks painful." Fishlegs winced.

"It is," croaked Hiccup.

The brisk Berk breeze did not help matters. Even though he was accustomed to the frigid weather conditions of Berk, there was a difference between experiencing cold weather and submerging yourself completely in ice water.

"Here's some more ice," said Tuffnut in a sing-song voice, dumping a bucket full of ice chunks on the brunette's head.

Hiccup flinched as the ice slid down his back and front. "You're evil."

"Maybe a little."

Pulling his knees up his chest, Hiccup tried to think happy thoughts to take his mind off of the chills shooting up his spine. But it didn't do much good, especially when a massive gust rose up and a small wave of water splashed his face.

"I can't feel my legs," he complained.

"You only have one," said Snotlout bluntly.

Astrid rolled her eyes and punched him in the shoulder. "He doesn't need a reminder, stupid."

Though it was only ten minutes, it felt like an hour. Hiccup practically catapulted himself out the tub when Tuffnut declared his time was up. Shivering madly, he stood shakily on his feet, skin pale and lips blue.

"I'm g-g-gonna g-g-go m-m-make some s-s-soup," he choked out, dressing hurriedly in his clothes, though it didn't do much good thanks to his soaking wet underwear.

"I'll come with," said Astrid.

"Me too," said Fishlegs, and the three set off. Cackling, Snotlout headed back to his house for some more sleep. Tuffnut turned to his sister with a grin.

"So, do you feel better?"

Ruffnut pretended to think for a moment. A wide smile split across her face.

"Heck yeah. He's definitely gonna come down with a cold after that. Which means no flying. And that's enough of a punishment for me."

****Next chapter: In which Hiccup dares Snotlout.****

32. Through Pink-Coloured Glasses

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****Dare suggested by The Prime Writer (again-but they gave a dare that was actually perfect for what I needed for this chapter). A tweak to the suggestion was made by me.****

****Through Pink-Coloured Glasses****

Crossing the dirt path that twisted through the village, Fishlegs came upon the Jorgenson household. Snotlout was leaning against Hookfang, and it seemed like the two were asleep. Fishlegs walked over to the boy and nudged him with his foot. Snotlout grunted and cracked his eyes open.

"You better have a good reason for disturbing my nap, or else I'm gonna pound you."

"You never need a reason to do that," Fishlegs responded dryly. "I came with a message from Hiccup. He wants to see you."

"And he couldn't come get me himself becauseâ€|?"

"He came down with a cold after the ice bath," he replied. "He's stuck in bed, recovering. I went to check on him and he asked me to get you, for reasons I think we both know."

Snotlout made a face. "I got it. Fine." He stood up and glanced at Hookfang. "I'll be back. Don't set anything on fire."

Hookfang opened his eyes slightly and peered at his human. _"We'll see," _he growled softly before settling back to continue his nap.

Rolling his eyes, Snotlout walked past Fishlegs and headed for his cousin's house. He climbed the grassy slope and, after a moment of thought, decided to play it safe and knock. He rapped his knuckles against the wood and when no one answered after a minute he entered.

"Yo, Hiccup?"

A bout of coughing answered him, and Snotlout climbed the stairs. When he reached the top he found the brunette in bed, nearly buried beneath a pile of covers and his head propped up against a few pillows. Toothless sat beside Hiccup's beside, his wing draped over the boy for added warmth.

"Geez, you look horrible."

"Thanks," croaked Hiccup sarcastically. He was pale, his hair was greasy and there were dark bags under his eyes. "I've got a dare for you."

"Of course you do." Snotlout crossed his arms. "What is it?"

"I dare you to sneak into Astrid's room and paint everything pink, especially her favourite axe."

Snotlout paled. "Uhâ€|what?"

"And if she catches you while you're doing it, you're out," continued Hiccup. "You have to do it tonight."

"You realize she'll come after the both of us, right?" demanded Snotlout.

"She'll come after you. I'm sick. She wouldn't hurt me while I'm sick." Hiccup brought the covers up to his chin. "That is all," he rasped. "You may go. Unless you want to pass."

"No," said Snotlout hastily. "I'll do it."

He spun on his heel and left Hiccup's room, his stomach twirling into nervous knots. There was no way he was simply going to pass up Hiccup's dare. He had to go through with it.

But he knew better than anyone what Astrid's wrath felt like.

Better find my hiding spot before I do the deedâ€¦

â€¦

Night descended upon the island of Berk, giving Snotlout the cover he needed to creep through the village undetected. Carrying two metal cans of pink paint, he paused in front of Astrid's home, eyeing the exterior warily.

"Why does it always have to be pink?" he muttered to himself. "She hates pinkâ€¦"

But he supposed that was the whole point.

Taking a deep breath, Snotlout took off his boots, wanting to make as little noise as possible. In his socked feet he entered the Hofferson abode, moving on his tiptoes. He went for the stairs and took them two at a time, flinching at every creak. He paused at the top and listened intently, but everything was silent.

Nudging open Astrid's bedroom door with his shoulder, he slipped inside. The blonde was sleeping soundly, her long blonde hair splayed out on the pillow. Snotlout stared at her for a moment before giving his head a sharp shake.

You can gawk at her later. Right now you need to do the dare and get the heck out.

Setting the cans carefully to the floor, Snotlout removed a paintbrush from the waistband of his pants. He pried off the lid to the first can and dunked the brush in the thick pink substance. He started with the walls, slathering them with a hasty coat of paint. The strokes were uneven and messy, but all he wanted to do was make sure most of the stone was covered.

Every time Astrid moved in her sleep, his heart would jump in his throat and he would look over his shoulder. But she would eventually settle and his posture would slump in relief. Come onâ€¦almost thereâ€¦

The walls were finished and Snotlout turned his attention to Astrid's furniture. Her bedposts, wardrobe and desk soon matched the walls. He then went to her favourite axe, which rested by the door. Using the last bit of paint in the second can he slathered the handle and axe head.

His work finished, he stood up and hurried over to collect the empty cans. His sock-covered feet slipped on the wooden floor and he tripped.

Time seemed to move in slow motion as he fell, arms flailing as he descended towards the floor. Screwing his eyes shut, he swore mentally just before he smacked against the wood with a loud _thud._

Astrid shot upwards, blinking furiously as she attempted to clear the sleep from her vision. "Who's there?" she demanded, voice thick with drowsiness. The bright glow of the pink paint helped bring her back to full consciousness and she stared, mouth agape at her new room. Very slowly, she turned to stare at Snotlout, who was sprawled on the floor.

Face white and heart stammering in his chest, Snotlout slowly got to his feet. The humiliation and indignity of losing the dare (and therefore losing the contest-_before Hiccup_) was overpowered at the moment with terror at the slow-building rage in Astrid's eyes.

"Pink's a good colour for you," he said feebly. He scrambled back when the blonde climbed out bed, mouth curling into a vicious snarl. "Uhâ€¦_Hiccup made me do it!_"

He attempted to make a run for it, but did not make it. Astrid tackled him to the ground and sent her fist flying into his face, immediately causing a black eye and a bloody nose. _"You lousy son of a half troll!" _she screamed, smacking him silly. _"You're cleaning this up!"_

"O-o-okay!" he croaked, thrashing madly in an attempt to dislodge the girl.

Astrid abruptly stood up, but before Snotlout could sigh with relief she reared her leg back and sent a violent kick to the place where Snotlout would feel it the most. He let out a shrill shriek, immediately curling up in a ball.

"I'll be back for you later," she hissed before storming out her room. _"Hiccuuuuuup!"_

Snotlout's only consolation was that, despite being sick, Hiccup was not immune to Astrid's fury.

But nothing could soothe the sting of defeat by the hands of his _cousin_.

****Next chapter: In which the teens take turns daring the remaining two, and first up is Fishlegs daring Ruffnut.****

33. Yo Stoick

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****Dare suggested by Rogue Deity Master.****

****Offensive jokes ahead, of the 'yo mama' variety.****

****Yo Stoick****

Sitting on the stone floor of the academy, Ruffnut leaned against Barf and Belch beside her brother. Fishlegs was leaning against the wall, Astrid was idly stroking Stormfly, shooting occasional glowers towards Snotlout, who was a mess of bruises and cuts. Hiccup, sporting a black eye and a slightly stuffed nose from his lingering effects of his cold, was staying as far away from the two as he could.

"Well," Ruffnut spoke, breaking the tense silence. "Here we are. Never thought I'd face off against Hiccup."

"In all honesty, neither did I," muttered Hiccup.

"If Astrid wasn't a light sleeper, it would be me in the final two," grouched Snotlout, gingerly prodding a dark bruise on his cheek.

The blonde glared at him. "If you weren't such a klutz you might have gotten away with it. And if that was the case, I would have killed you instead of just beating you."

"Whatever," grumbled Snotlout moodily, crossing his arms.

"If it makes you feel any better, I'm not as happy about this as I thought I'd be," muttered Hiccup, laying a hand over his black eye. "At least not right now. I'll probably gloat later."

Snotlout scowled. "I hate you."

"Yeah, yeah."

"Soâ€¦now what?" voiced Tuffnut. When everyone turned to look at him in confusion, he clarified, "There's only Ruff and Hiccup left. Are they just gonna dare each other?"

"I don't mind that," said Ruffnut, shooting a wicked smirk at the lanky teen.

Hiccup paled. "Umâ€¦I kinda do."

He knew that there was a stark difference between him and Ruffnut. She was evil and fearless, and had little reservations about doing embarrassing or dangerous activities. Even if he could throw a solid dare or two at her, she would come back with more force. He was at a disadvantage, even he could admit that.

"I have an idea," said Astrid with a sudden smile. "What if we take over daring them from now on?"

Ruffnut crossed her arms. "I know how this is going to go," she grumbled. "Team Hiccup," she pointed at Astrid and Fishlegs, "and Team Ruffnut," she finished, pointing at her brother and Snotlout.

Tuffnut frowned. "Hold up. Who said I was on your side?"

"Unless you want to die, you're on my side," returned Ruffnut.

"I'm cool with this," said Snotlout, his spirits lifting slightly.

"Sure," said Fishlegs with a nod.

"I'm in!" declared Tuffnut.

"Fine, whatever," said Ruffnut with an uncaring shrug.

"I guess," muttered Hiccup, far from enthused.

Astrid smiled. "Perfect. In order to decide who dares first, let's draw sticks."

"Now you're all about fairness," grumbled Ruffnut under her breath.

The blonde collected four sticks, three long and one short. She handed them to Ruffnut, who twisted her body slightly so that her friends could not see where the short stick would end up. She then turned back around and held them out. After Astrid, Snotlout, Fishlegs and Tuffnut chose their sticks, Fishlegs revealed to be the one to make the first dare.

"Oh, Thor," he said nervously, scratching his neck. "Umâ€¦well, I've had one in mind for a while, but never really got the chance to give it to anyone."

"Fire away," said Ruffnut, crossing her arms and preparing herself.

"I dare you to run from one end of the village to the other, shouting jokes about Chief being fat."

Astrid burst into laughter while Hiccup could not help but smirk. "Nice."

Ruffnut rested her chin in the palm of her hand, brow furrowed. "Okay. Butâ€¦if I get banished, does that mean Hiccup's gonna win?"

"Nah-we'll consider it a tie," assured Hiccup.

"I can live with that."

"Then let's do this," said Astrid with a grin. "I can't _wait _to see his face."

â€¦

Ruffnut stood at the south end of the village, eyes looking ahead of her down the path. There were a decent amount of Vikings out this afternoon, though she couldn't spot Stoick among them. She suspected he was around somewhere, most likely at Gobber's forge.

Which happened to be along her pathâ€¦hooray.

Her friends were scattered throughout the village, in different positions so they could see how her dare played out. Deciding not to delay it any longer, Ruffnut took off running, eyes focussed ahead.

Stoick is so fat that when he jumps in the air he gets stuck!"

She was running too fast to properly see the stunned expressions or hear the horrified gasps of the villagers that were within earshot. But she knew better than to slow down-one or two of them would definitely have something to say to her.

"_Stoick is so fat he wears a sock on each toe!"_

She shouted this as she passed Hiccup, who was laughing behind his hand. She glowered at him as he flew by. _Yeah, you keep laughing. Let's see how funny you find it when Snotlout gives you a dare._

"_Stoick is so fat his shadow weighs thirty-five pounds!"_

"Lame!" a familiar voice hollered, but when she looked she couldn't see Snotlout. All she could see were Vikings giving her scathing glares.

Well. Still not the worst thing I've ever done.

"_Stoick is so fat he's his own island!"_

"Is that so?"

Slowing her pace, Ruffnut turned her head slightly with wide eyes to see Stoick moving to block her path, face glowing red with anger. In mere seconds, she would collide into him, getting caught and therefore losing the dare.

Over my dead body!

With quick movement, she flung herself to the ground, sliding underneath Stoick's legs and tumbling to the other side. She jumped to her feet, ignoring the stinging scrape on her elbow, and launched forwards. She reached her end point with a breathless call of, "Jokes! I'm joking! I don't mean it!"

Not bothering to wait for Stoick's response, she twisted on her heel and charged off. Not willing to let the girl get off so easily after her disrespect and insolence, Stoick went after her. Astrid moved out from her hiding place behind a barrel and watched the chase with amusement.

"She was close to losing this, too. Those reflexes saved her butt."

But then again, she supposed that after years of harassing the villagers, the Thorston twins were skilled in escaping their ticked-off victims.

_Oh well, _she thought. _I'd hate to have her lose before I can dare her._

Taking Ruffnut down herself would be immensely satisfying.

****Next chapter: In which Tuffnut dares Hiccup.****

34. Of Peppers and Offensive Messages

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise.

****Combination of two dares, as suggested respectively by Animation Adventures and Frozenjaquilinefrost.****

****Of Peppers and Offensive Messages****

The next time Hiccup saw Ruffnut, her ears were bright red and she seemed to have difficulty hearing what others were saying. He looked away from where he was washing Toothless and cast the blonde a sympathetic glance. "Boxed your ears, huh?"

Ruffnut blinked at him. "What?"

"He boxed your ears, huh?" repeated Hiccup, lifting the volume of his voice.

"Oh, heck yeah." Ruffnut gingerly rubbed her throbbing ears. "Can't say I didn't deserve it, though. When does the ringing stop?"

Hiccup grinned. "In a few hours. Trust me, I've been there."

Ruffnut nodded. "Guess it could have gone worse."

"Oi, there you are."

Tuffnut sauntered up the slope, hands shoved in the pockets of his vest. There was an amused expression on his face as he regarded his sister. "That looks painful."

"What?"

"I said, that looks painful!"

"Oh. Well, obviously!"

"You better put some ice on those," advised Hiccup. "It'll help with the pain."

"Good idea. Why didn't I think of that?" Ruffnut glanced at her brother. "Help me find some ice, dork."

"Sure. But I have to give Hiccup his dare first."

Hiccup's good mood instantly dissolved, replaced by suspicion and nervousness. Toothless snorted softly and the teen glared down at him. "Not one word."

"I dare you to eat this hot pepper," declared Tuffnut, proffering a chunky dark red pepper, "while you write something really offensive on Chief's favourite shield. You have to hang it up in the Great Hall when you're done."

Hiccup groaned and buried his face in his hands. "Why do we always have to bother my father? Why can't it be someone else?"

"There's no danger in irritating someone else," replied Tuffnut.
"Your father is terrifying."

"For obvious reasons," snapped Hiccup. He then heaved a sigh of resignation. "Fine, whatever. Give me the stupid pepper."

Smiling, Tuffnut handed it over. Hiccup eyed it warily before looking sternly at the boy. "Since I have to do this stupid thing, you get to finish washing Toothless."

Tuffnut grunted as the wooden bucket was thrust into his arms. Before he could protest, Hiccup was already storming into his house in search of his father's favourite shield. He looked over to Ruffnut for assistance, but his sister was already off to get some ice for her sore ears, mood greatly improved by the dare Hiccup would have to perform.

"_Don't forget to wash behind my ears," _rumbled Toothless.

Groaning softly, Tuffnut pulled a cloth out of the bucket and started running it down Toothless' soapy scales. Hiccup did not emerge for five minutes, and when he did his face was red and he was sweating. In his hands was a worn wooden shield with a faded dragon design. Scrawled over the design were the words, _Vote for Dagur as the new Berk Chief!_

"That's offensive alright," said Tuffnut with a laugh. "How are you going to hang it up?" When Hiccup only glared at him, Tuffnut raised an eyebrow. "What, you mad at me or something?"

"No, I'm not mad, I'm-_hic_-irritated."

Tuffnut stared. "Do you have the hiccups?"

"Shut-_hic_-up. It's the stupid-_hic_-pepper."

Tuffnut burst into laughter. He clutched his stomach and sunk to the ground, shoulders shaking with mirth. "Hiccup has the hiccups!" he crowed.

Hiccup scowled. "Like I've-_hic_-never heard that-_hic_-one before."

Toothless snorted in amusement and Hiccup glared at him before storming off towards the Great Hall, shield clutched against his chest. "This is-_hic_-completely suicidal. And my tongue feels-_hic_-like it's going to fall-_hic_-off."

He climbed the stone steps and reached the massive doors that lead to the Great Hall. He went to push the door open and paused. He didn't know how many people were inside, and it probably wasn't the best idea to just barge in with his father's shield, especially since he was having difficulty hiding the insulting message.

"Great. Now-_hic_-what?"

How about getting some water first, idiot.

Deciding this was a good idea (for his mouth was on fire) Hiccup hurried over to the nearest wooden water pump. A stream of cool water

filled his burning mouth, but it only eased the sting for a brief moment. Panting slightly, Hiccup wiped his mouth and wearily started back for the Great Hall.

"Well. That didn't-_hic_-help at all."

Instead of going straight for the entrance he edged around the building, keeping eyes out for any witnesses. There wasn't anyone out and about at the moment, so he took this as his chance. With much effort, he managed to climb up to the roof, shield hanging off of one shoulder. He opened up the hatch and slid down to land lightly on one of the wooden rafters.

Below were a few clusters of Vikings gathered a several wooden tables, chatting and drinking. Hiccup was dismayed to see his father among them.

Alright, let's get this over with.

In order to keep quiet, he managed to suppress his hiccups, though his body jolted with the action. He crawled along the wooden rafters towards the front entrance. He leaned forwards carefully and hung the shield on a loose nail above the doors.

Satisfied, Hiccup made his way back to the hatch in the roof. He was almost home free when a hiccup too large to suppress escaped him.

"_Hic!"_

The sound echoed throughout the hall. The Vikings looked up, and the first thing they noticed was the offending shield hanging above the door. Stoick stared at it blankly for a moment before his face burned with rage.

"_Who defiled my favourite shield?!_"_

Moving faster than Hiccup ever thought he was capable of, he launched through the hatch and practically jumped off of the roof. When his feet touched the ground he was off, and he could distantly hear the sound of the Great Hall doors being thrown open as his father burst out in search for the culprit.

I don't want my ears boxed!

Hiccup panted heavily, his adrenaline making him forget the burning sensation occurring within his mouth. He went to the first safe haven he could think of-the Hofferson household.

He nearly ploughed down the door in his attempt to get inside. Astrid, who was sitting at the wooden table in the main room, jumped at his sudden appearance. "What's with you?" she demanded.

"Sshh!" hissed Hiccup, pressing against the door and listening intently.

It was a minute later when familiar heavy footsteps fell in their direction. _"When I find you, you're going to beg for Thor's mercy!"_

Astrid blinked as Hiccup's face paled. She opened her mouth to speak, but Hiccup motioned for her to stay quiet. He waited a little more and peeked outside, where he was immensely relieved to see his father gone.

"Home-_hic_-free."

"What the heck was that all about?"

"Tuffnut-_hic_-dared me to-_hic_-to eat a hot pepper and write-_hic_-something offensive on Dad's favourite-_hic_, hic_-shield. I got away by the-_hic_-skin of my teeth. I don't know how much-_hic_-longer we can-_hic_, hic_-keep this up."

Astrid's eyes lit up with amusement. "You have the hiccups?"

The glower he sent her was rather impressive.

"Please be-_hic_-quiet and get me some-_hic_-milk before my tongue-_hic_-burns off."

Astrid's lips curled upwards.

"Whatever you say, Hiccupping Hiccup."

****Next chapter: In which Astrid dares Ruffnut.****

35. Of Dung and Dangerous Dares

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****Quick message to leave, here. First off, thanks so much for making this my first story to get over one thousand reviews. It makes me incredibly happy, and I'm glad you all enjoy reading this as much as I enjoy writing. ****

****Second, I entered my story, *_Project Ghost_**, *_**onto Inkitt for their Fandom contest. If you could spare a moment, and if you feel like it, to click the recommendation button, I'd really appreciate it.****

****Dare suggested by TheDoctor1998.****

****Of Dung and Dangerous Dares****

If anyone accused Ruffnut of avoiding her only female friend, she would of course deny it. But as she sat in the loft of her home, curled up against the cobweb-covered wall, she reluctantly acknowledged that she was acting a bit cowardly.

But she felt she had good reason to be wary. Astrid was the next person to give her a dare, and she knew it was going to be a horrible one. Her ears had finally healed from Stoick's sound boxing and she did not need another injury from some irate and furious villager who happened to be the unfortunate target.

"Whose stupid idea was this dare contest, anyway?" she grumbled. She paused, thought, and suddenly realized with slight bafflement that she couldn't remember how it all started. But it was probably

Snotlout's fault.

"_Ruffnut!"_

The girl scowled as her name echoed off the walls of her home, rudely intruding her quiet space. She reluctantly crawled to a gap in the floorboards and lowered herself down, landing neatly in the main room where Astrid was waiting.

"What?"

Astrid smirked. "Hiding?"

"No," denied Ruffnut.

"Sure." Astrid rolled her eyes. "I've come with a dare."

"Figures," muttered Ruffnut, bracing herself. "What is it?"

Astrid pointed at her with a wide smile. "I dare you to fling dragon dung on Stoick."

The angry curse Ruffnut let out was to cover the growing ball of panic she felt inside her stomach. She had messed with Stoick plenty of times, sure. But she and her brother knew when to space out their pranks, so as not to draw the full wrath of their powerful leader. But after messing with him barely a week ago, she was now going to have to mess with him again.

She didn't think her ears would survive.

The smug smirk Astrid wore was intolerable. "I got it, okay?" said Ruffnut snippily. "Get out."

Still smirking, the girl skipped out, no doubt wishing that her female companion would chicken out at the last minute, or at least get a sound thrashing. Stewing in her fury for a minute, Ruffnut reluctantly left her home and started for the dragon stalls. On her way she passed Snotlout, who was bitterly carrying a shovel and heading in the same direction. She quickened her steps and snag the shovel, causing the boy to look at her in surprise.

"I'm gonna need this," she said.

Snotlout took only a second to understand. His eyes narrowed. "Dare?"

"Yup."

"Astrid?"

"Uh-huh."

"Don't lose this."

Ruffnut mock saluted him. "Over my dying breath."

Snotlout saluted back before backtracking. Ruffnut continued forwards towards the dragon stalls, where the stench wasn't as overwhelming for her as it was for others. After all, she and her brother were

notorious for not bathing, and they got used to nauseous-inducing smells after a while.

"Thor be with me," she said as she shovelled clumps of the foul dragon waste into a wooden bucket. When it was full, she grabbed the sides and left the musty, stinky stalls. She crossed the village and went straight to Hiccup's house. Before she could lose her nerves, she rapped sharply on the wood.

Hiccup answered, and immediately stumbled back a few steps when the aroma struck him. "Don't do it!" he shrieked, covering his face with his hands. "I'll surrender!"

Ruffnut shot him a withering glare. "Don't let Astrid hear you say that. Is your dad here?"

Relaxing his posture, Hiccup stared at the blonde incredulously. "What?"

"Is. Your. Dad. Here?" Ruffnut repeated, enunciating her words slowly.

"Uhâ€|no."

"Then where is he?"

"Probably at the docks," said Hiccup, eyes wide. "Do you have a death wish?"

Ruffnut snorted. "I think we all do."

She turned on her heel and started off in the direction of the docks. When she reached the wooden platforms, stretching across two layers of the cliff side leading to the water, she could see Stoick speaking with the shipwright on the dock directly below her.

He wasn't directly directly below her, and she realized with a heavy heart she would need to go down to his level. Swallowing nervously, she started her walk down the flight of stairs, stance rigid as she kept her eyes on Stoick. His back was to her, and the shipwright was now slightly bent over the ship, studying a crack in the structure.

Ruffnut came to an important discovery. There were no hiding places. She would either have to run with all the speed she had, or slip into the ocean and hope that Stoick did not notice her. Gritting her teeth, Ruffnut grudgingly inched to the edge of the water and took a few deep breaths. Without really looking, she flung the bucket at Stoick and jumped into the water, trying to make as little splash as possible.

The water was freezing. Goosebumps prickling along her flesh, Ruffnut could feel the water soaking in her clothes, weighing her down. She reached up and grasped hold of one of the dozens of wooden beams that kept the dock just above the water's surface. She kept a death grip on it, for if she let go she would sink to the murky depths.

Though that would be the preferred option than facing Stoick.

There was a small pocket of space between the dock and the water. She

managed to lift her face, taking large gulps of air. Though her ears were still partially submerged in the water, she could hear the thunderous roars of Stoick as he tried flinging the dragon waste off of him.

But then there was a beat of silence.

All of a sudden there was a massive splash just beside her, and she turned her head to see a bulky form with bushels of red hair just beside her. Without wasting another second, Ruffnut was back on land and flying up the wooden stairs, back to the village.

"_Thorston!_"

Heart pumping madly in her chest, Ruffnut ran with all she had, and she could distinctly hear the sound of pounding feet following a distance away. Stoick would be upon her soon.

She just running past a village hut when the door flew open. A hand shot out and dragged her inside. Startled, Ruffnut looked to see her brother standing in front of her. "What are you doing?"

"Borrowing this house," he replied flippantly. "Stay here."

She watched as he went over to a water barrel stashed in the corner. Her eyes widened as he eased himself into it, getting himself completely drenched. "What in Thor's name are you doing?"

"Saving you from a thrashing," he returned, climbing back out, sopping wet and water dripping to the floor.

Ruffnut gaped. "Are you insane?"

"Oh, totally," he assured. "But I figure if I wanna help you win, this is probably a good way to keep Stoick off the trail."

Her eyebrows flew up. "Seriously?"

"There's no way I'm going to deal with Astrid's gloating. Now we can be sure Snotlout has the chance to let Hiccup have it."

Ruffnut smirked. "Thanks, moron. Try not to die."

Tuffnut grinned. "I make no promises."

He sauntered outside and closed the door firmly behind him. Ruffnut hovered near the window, staying out of sight and listening intently. Stoick puffed up moments later, soaking wet and still having chunks of dragon dung clinging to him.

"Thorston, you pretty pray for mercy," declared Stoick, grabbing hold of Tuffnut's arm roughly and dragging him off. "Between you and your sister, I'm _this _close to tying you both to boat and sending you off into the open ocean."

Ruffnut set a hand on her chest, sighing with relief. She supposed there were some benefits to looking like her brother. In certain situations, it was sometimes difficult to tell them apart, like when they both looked like drowned rats.

_Guess I owe him one, _she thought, somewhat grudgingly. _Thanks, bro._

As Stoick was hauling a soaked Tuffnut away, Astrid observed the action from the shadows. Her eyes narrowed into slits, and she knew she had made one fatal error in what she thought would be the dare that would get Ruffnut extremely busted.

Even though the twins were no longer in the contest together, it was foolish to count out Tuffnut. Because even if they disliked it, Ruffnut and Tuffnut were one entity.

And as Ruffnut lived to see another dare, Astrid suddenly felt very nervous-especially when she looked across the plaza and spotted Snotlout watching everything with a wide, absolutely wicked grin.

Hiccup was in for it.

****Next chapter: In which Snotlout dares Hiccup.****

36. King of Dragons

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****Only one more chapter left. The winner will be the person who was voted for the most on my poll. Who do you think is going to win?****

****Dare suggested by HeartAngell1796 and Lei' Raeyna.****

****King of Dragons****

The waiting was agonizing.

A week passed after Ruffnut's victory, and Hiccup knew that Snotlout could descend upon him at any moment. So when he saw his cousin sauntering towards him late one afternoon, his heart dropped into his stomach. He set aside his rake, which he had been using to gather the leaves in his yard, and crossed his arms.

"What fresh horrors have you come up with?"

Snotlout smirked. "I think you'll appreciate the mercy I have for you."

Hiccup narrowed his eyes. "I wasn't aware mercy was in your vocabulary."

Snotlout ignored him. "I dare you to climb to the top of Great Hall and give a speech to the dragons about rebellion."

He flinched. "Seriously?" he groaned. "I can't do another public dare! Dad's getting super suspicious. He keeps giving me weird looks."

"Not my problem," dismissed Snotlout. "Are you going to do it or not?"

"Yes," muttered Hiccup. He had come this far, after all, and he couldn't let Astrid down. "I'm on it."

Snotlout grinned. "Can't wait."

He went down the slope and Hiccup half-heartedly finished his chore. When all the leaves were in piles he put his rake away and jogged inside his house. "Toothless!"

His Night Fury bounded down the stairs and paused in front of him with a curious expression. "Hey, bud. I need you to gather the dragons for me and bring them to the front of the Great Hall."

Toothless eyed his human suspiciously. _Why?_

"Snotlout dared me to give a speech in front of you guys," muttered Hiccup, correctly interpreting his dragon's expression. "So I need you to bear with me for a couple of minutes."

Toothless huffed in annoyance but complied. Hiccup smiled after his dragon. "Thanks!"

Now he just had to figure out exactly what he was going to say.

â€|

Ten minutes passed and the dragons were gathered outside of the Great Hall, waiting for Hiccup. The lanky teen soon appeared on the hall's roof, and Hookfang smirked. _"This should be good," _he rumbled.

"_Or end horribly," _returned Toothless.

Hiccup stood at the edge of the roof, his stomach bubbling with nerves. He could see Vikings pausing in the middle of the path and on the steps to look up at him, but he tried not to pay them much mind. He needed to make his speech and get the heck out of there.

"Dragons," he shouted. "Thank you for joining me today! I have invited you here to share my epiphany with you! Up until recently, dragons have been the target of violence and malice from my people. You were just trying to survive, and Vikings sought to eliminate you from existence. But that has changed. As the benevolent creatures you are, you have forgiven us for our appalling behaviour, but I know you have not forgotten."

"_Is he going somewhere with this?" _asked Hookfang. _"Or is this the part where we start lighting things on fire?"_

Meatlug shot her friend a look. _"Toothless didn't say we had to light anything on fire."_

"_Well, no, but it would make for a good effect, wouldn't it?" _chimed in Barf.

"_Shut up, he's starting to talk again," _said Toothless.

"I have spent long and hard thinking about this. I myself have been misunderstood over the years, and been treated accordingly. I don't think we've ever received a proper apology, and that is unacceptable!" declared Hiccup. "We deserve it, and we shall get it! We will not be pushed around any longer! Dragons should not be chased away from the animal fields, and I should not have to deal with every dragon-related problem on this island!"

"_I like it!" _decided Belch.

"_He's good at this," _said Toothless in amusement.

"Until our demands are met, and an apology has been delivered, we shall rebel! We will stampede across this island, ransacking huts and causing chaos! We will get what we deserve! Until that happens, I, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, the King of all dragons, hereby decree that this island is under my command!"

Hookfang spewed a stream of fire, accidentally causing a nearby wagon to catch aflame. Toothless glared. _"What are you doing?!"_

"_Sorry!" _the Monstrous Nightmare apologized. _"I got into it."_

"_Hiccup!"_

"_And there's Stoick," _drawled Toothless, watching the large Chief of Berk lumber up the stone steps. _"You have just made things ten times worse."_

"_Soâ€¦should we leave?" _asked Meatlug.

"_Absolutely."_

There was no way he was going to be in the danger zone when Stoick managed to get a hold of Hiccup.

â€¦

Finger having a tight hold on the material of his son's vest, Stoick lugged the boy across the village and to their home. He stepped through the front door and slammed it shut behind them. "Sit!" he thundered.

Hiccup scrambled over to the closest wooden chair and dropped into it. "It was just a joke!" he said feebly. "I didn't think any of them would light anything on fire."

"Just a joke," said Stoick softly, and Hiccup shrunk under the intense glare his father shot him. "There have been lots of jokes going on lately. Tuffnut throwing dragon dung on me, someone writing an offensive message on my favourite shield, Ruffnut having the audacity to make cracks about my weight in public, and all the other pranks she confessed to."

Hiccup smiled, trying to hide his nervousness. "You know those twins."

Stoick pointed at him. "I do. And I've been thinking. The twins are troublesome, but never before have they been this out of control. I also realized that never in her life would Ruffnut willingly confess to a prank."

"Even she can feel guilty sometimes," offered Hiccup.

"Not Ruffnut Thorston. And she sure doesn't do these things without her brother, which also has been bothering me." Stoick's eyes narrowed. "Those two have been joined at the hip since their birth. They do not do anything without each other. It's odd that she's been doing all these pranks without him."

"Ruff and Tuff sometimes like to be independent."

"Oh, it's not just the twins. I've heard some stories being passed around, and I haven't forgotten some of the things I've witnessed over this past year." Stoick looked at his son. "One of the stories I heard was that you ran through the village in nothing but your underwear not once, but twice. The second time you were coated with mud."

"They probably mistook me for someone else," dismissed Hiccup. "Or they were seeing things."

"Like how I thought I was seeing things when I saw _Toothless _marrying you and Astrid on top of the Great Hall?"

The colour drained from Hiccup's face, which he hoped his father didn't notice. "Yeah. That was just a dream."

"Interesting, because it seems quite a few people in this village have had the same dream." Stoick started to pace back and forth, a sharp frown on his face and hands folded behind his back. "I happen to remember the time I discovered Stormfly rampaging in the Great Hall during a rainstorm, your friends hunkered behind tables and Astrid on her dragon. That happened close to the time I caught Astrid in your room early one morning, and shortly before _that _Ruffnut suddenly dyed her hair pink."

"Coincidences?" said Hiccup weakly.

"Oh, I don't think so." Stoick stopped his pacing and loomed over his son. "These are not just pranks, and not just the twins are responsible. All of you have been causing this village grief over the past year, and I've realized something."

"What?"

"You've been taking turns."

Hiccup very nearly lost his cool. "What do you mean?"

"If Snotlout was responsible for a prank one week, one of you would be responsible for the next one."

"I think you're imagining things."

Stoick shook his head. "No, I don't think so. I remember when Tuffnut stole my helmet right off my head. Almost immediately after that,

Fishlegs went running through the village on Meatlug, wearing a dress. And do you know what came after that?"

"No," squeaked Hiccup.

"_Someone cut off my beard."_

"Ohâ€¦right. But-"

"And after _that _happened," interjected Stoick, "Ruffnut stole Gobber's peg leg in the middle of the Great Hall." He stared down at his son, who was fighting not to fidget. "Have I caught on to something?"

"No," said Hiccup quickly. "You know the guys. They like to cause trouble."

"The twins and Snotlout? Absolutely. Fishlegs, Astrid and you? I don't think so." Stoick crossed his arms, eyes glinting dangerously. "What are you lot up to?"

"Nothing!" insisted Hiccup. "It's all just strange coincidences!"

"I hope so. If I find out that you all have been up to something stupid, and have been working together in some way on all of these pranks, then I _promise _you, you will be begging for mercy."

"Right," said Hiccup, heart pounding in his chest madly. "I got it. Can I go now?"

Stoick stepped to the side, letting his son free. Hiccup walked casually out the door, but once it was shut he took off running, in search of his friends. He found them at their usual table in the Great Hall, the place where the dare contest had been born.

"We got a problem," he wheezed, collapsing beside Astrid.

The blonde frowned in concern, settling a hand on his back. "What's wrong?"

Hiccup told them about the conversation he just had with his father. "He's caught on," he said nervously. "It's only a matter of time before we're busted completely. If he finds out we've been daring each other for over a year, he's going to lose it big time."

Ruffnut frowned. "If he catches us, then there's not going to be a winner."

"We can't drag this on any longer," said Astrid firmly. "We have to decide on a winner soon."

Fishlegs eyed her warily. "How exactly are we going to do that?"

"We're going to have one final dare. Even if Stoick does catch us in the process, it won't matter so long as we have a winner."

"I'd rather not get caught," muttered Snotlout.

"But how are we going to decide on a winner?" asked Tuffnut.

"The four of us," said Astrid, indicating herself, Tuffnut, Snotlout and Fishlegs, "are going to come up with the final dare. The two of you are both going to do it, and whoever finishes it first will be the winner of our dare contest."

"I guess that works," said Snotlout reluctantly.

"So long as we get this done and over with," muttered Fishlegs.

"I'm down with it," said Tuffnut with a nod.

Ruffnut smirked and looked at Hiccup. "Looks like this is it. One of us is finally going to be declared the winner."

Hiccup extended his hand. "May the best Viking win."

Ruffnut shook his hand firmly. "Which of course will be me."

One more dare. Two finalists. Only one would win.

Neither of them were going to go down without a fight.

37. The Final Streak

****I do not own the How to Train Your Dragon franchise. ****

****We have reached the conclusion of the teens' dare contest. The winner has been decided by you, the readers, in a poll I previously had on my profile. Thanks to you guys this is my most popular story, and I really appreciate it.****

****I present to you the **_**Of Teens and Dares
finale****._**_**

****The Final Streak****

The six teens were sitting at a table at the back of the Great Hall, a serious silence surrounding them. Hiccup could not help but reminisce over the past year, mulling over all the crazy things they had dared each other to do. To think it all started because Snotlout was running his mouth off and Astrid called him out on it. Hiccup could admit that he would oddly miss the dare contest, but he certainly wasn't sad to see it finally ending.

He had only a little bit of sanity left. It best to end it all before he went completely insane.

Astrid folded her hands together and regarded Hiccup and Ruffnut, who were sitting opposite the rest of their friends. "We have spent a long time discussing what your final dare should be."

"A really long time," muttered Tuffnut grumpily. "Too long."

The blonde scowled at him for interrupting before speaking again. "We realized that through the course of this dare contest, we never got around to a proper streaking dare."

Ruffnut made a face while Hiccup buried his head in his hands. "Oh Thor."

Snotlout grinned. "You have to streak from the Great Hall, through the village and to the docks. You have to swim under one of the ships, climb onto the deck and jump back onto the dock."

"From there you have to call the dragons, do a lap around the island and land at the academy," added Fishlegs.

"From there you will run to the farming fields, and the first person there wins," finished Astrid with flourish.

Hiccup gaped. "We have to do all that naked?"

Astrid smirked. "Uh-huh."

"You are disgusting people," grumbled Ruffnut.

"I was against the streaking part, for obvious reasons," said Tuffnut flatly.

Snotlout folded his arms across his chest and arched an eyebrow. "So are you two ready?"

"Whatever." Ruffnut stood up and glanced at Hiccup, who was pale in the face. She smiled tauntingly. "Or maybe I win right here, right now."

Hiccup gave his head a sharp shake and got to his feet. "No way," he said determinedly.

Astrid beamed. "You go, babe."

"We'll each be stationed at different points on the route to make sure you don't cheat," said Fishlegs, looking pointedly at Ruffnut.

"Why're you looking at me?" she asked, offended.

"I'll blow the horn when we're ready," said Astrid, gesturing to the hollowed-out yak horn hanging around her neck. "Until then, sit tight."

"Good luck," cackled Snotlout and the teens left.

It was early in the morning, so early that no Vikings had arrived for breakfast yet, for which Hiccup was grateful. He hoped that it didn't take his friends long to get into their positions, for he wanted to get this over with as soon as possible.

"I thought the point of finishing this dare contest quickly was to keep from getting caught," said Ruffnut with a slightly puzzled frown.

"Well, my dad is out on a fishing expedition today," said Hiccup. "I guess we have plausible deniability."

Ruffnut stared blankly at him. "What?"

"Never mind," muttered Hiccup.

"Soâ€¦should we get naked now?"

His face flamed red and he covered his eyes. "Ugh, I guess, but don't say that so casually!"

Ruffnut rolled her eyes and started undressing, leaving her clothes in a pile underneath the table. Hiccup kept his eyes locked on the floor as he too got undressed, goosebumps creeping across his bare flesh. He immediately covered his male parts and stood tensely, refusing to look over at his female friend.

"â€¦are you looking at me?!"

Ruffnut hastily snapped her gaze forwards at the closed Great Hall door. "No."

The sound of Astrid's horn echoed across the island and soon the two teens were off, racing across the wooden floor. Hiccup never raised his hands from where they covered him protectively. Ruffnut was not as modest, arms swinging at her sides as she ran.

They burst out the doors, startling a few Vikings on their way to breakfast. Screams of shock and scandalized shouts rang out as the two hurried down the stone steps, elbowing each other in an attempt to get the lead.

"It's cold out here!" hissed Hiccup, the frigid wind stinging his skin.

"Just wait until we get to the water!" said Ruffnut with a grin.

A few children were playing in the plaza and adults raced to cover their eyes as the duo charged through.

"Are you crazy?" one Viking demanded.

"What's wrong with you?" another shouted.

"Get some clothes on! Wait until Stoick hears about this!"

"I am so dead," grumbled Hiccup. An irritated scowl crossed his face as he heard Snotlout's laughter ringing from somewhere nearby, but he refused to let himself get distracted.

They reached the docks and Hiccup scowled when Ruffnut was first to jump into the water. Despite the embarrassment he was feeling from the situation, he sure wasn't going to let her win easily. He was in the water a few seconds after the girl and he made a sound of discomfort, the freezing water surrounding his bare body.

This cannot be healthy.

Hiccup managed to locate a boat and he swam underneath, kicking his legs madly. He emerged on the other side and grabbed hold of the rope dangling off of the side. He spluttered to the surface, gasping for air and shivering madly, his hair plastered to his neck. He craned his neck up and immediately looked away when he realized Ruffnut was above him, her butt swaying as she shimmied up the rope.

"This is severely indecent," he muttered to himself, quickly climbing up.

Ruffnut had just reached the deck of the ship when a loud, booming voice thundered, _"What in Thor's name are you two doing?!"_

Startled, the blonde looked over her shoulder at the boat approaching Berk's port. She could make out Stoick and Gobber at the front of the ship, the chief's face glowing red with rage. "Oh Odin."

Her hesitation allowed Hiccup to catch up, and he was white with terror. He sped past her and all but jumped over the edge of the boat, rolling ungracefully onto the wooden docks. Ruffnut quickly launched herself after him, managing to land on her feet.

"You said he was on a fishing mission!" snapped Ruffnut.

"He was," cried Hiccup. "He must have gone late last night so he could finish early this morning!"

Ruffnut opened her mouth to make her dragon call when she realized something. She owned a Hideous Zippleback, which needed two riders.

Oh, screw it all!

With little time to think, as Hiccup was starting to recover from the fright of seeing his father, she let out her dragon call. Hiccup made his own Night Fury call, which mingled in the air with Ruffnut's, and stared at the blonde with wide eyes, making sure to keep his gaze about her neckline.

"Wait. That was a Deadly Nadder call!"

"Tuffnut isn't here!" defended Ruffnut. "And Fishlegs didn't specifically say it had to be _my _dragon."

Hiccup looked up at the sky and spotted his Night Fury, who was at a disadvantage to Stormfly, who was soaring through the clouds. He frowned, realizing that Astrid must have been nearby.

Dang.

Toothless bounded across the grass and Ruffnut grinned when Stormfly landed in front of her, chirping madly.

"Later, loser!" she cackled, climbing onto Stormfly. "Come on, I'll feed you chicken later if you give me a ride."

Perking up at the prospect of her favourite snack (which had accidentally been leaked by Fishlegs when the boy discovered Astrid's secret weapon to making her dragon faster) Stormfly took to the sky. Hiccup frantically looked over his shoulder, where he could hear his father screaming furiously at him from the water.

"Oh he is going to be on land soon," he whimpered.

Toothless soon came up to him and he tilted his head to the side.

You look different.

"Come on, bud, we have to catch up to Ruffnut," said Hiccup quickly, climbing onto his dragon.

"_Is this another dare? Because if it is, I don't think I approve," _rumbled Toothless, but he still took to the sky, and Hiccup was relieved to leave his father behind, at least for the time being.

Though Stormfly was certainly fast, she had nothing on a Night Fury. Hiccup quickly gained the lost ground and surpassed Ruffnut. The blonde scowled after him. "No fair! This is rigged!"

Hiccup snorted. "Yeah, right! Says the girl who stole Astrid's dragon," he called over his shoulder.

"Borrowed!" she retorted. "And it was strategy!"

Hiccup finished the lap around the island first and landed at the academy. He bid goodbye to Toothless before racing off in a mad dash for the farming fields. Ruffnut landed half a minute later and took up pursuit.

Stormfly looked at Toothless and said, _"Wonder what all that was about."_

"_Don't want to know," _muttered Toothless.

Stormfly perked at the sound of her human calling for her. _"That's Astrid."_

"_I'll tag along. There's no way I'm missing this."_

Though Hiccup had gained a lead with his Night Fury, Ruffnut was faster than he was and quickly caught up. They were once more side-by-side and each was dripping with water, feet sinking into the ground with each step they took.

The farming fields soon came into sight and Hiccup let out a cry of dismay when Ruffnut pulled ahead of him with a wide grin. His metal foot was making it difficult to move in the slippery mud, giving the blonde the advantage.

_Oh, I hope Astrid won't be too mad, _he thought, feeling his gut twitch in disappointment.

"_Oof!"_

One second Ruffnut had been eight steps away from reaching the wooden fence, the next she was flat on the ground, having been tackled by a large pig. Hiccup jogged past, an expression of disbelief on his face as he stared at the fallen girl. He was startled from his gaping when he slammed into the wooden fence.

He blinked.

He had won.

He had won!

Whoops of glee sounded from above and Fishlegs and Astrid flew down on their respective dragons. Snotlout was next, Tuffnut riding behind him on Hookfang, with Barf and Belch and Toothless following after them on foot.

The two males were looking rather disgruntled and irritated by Hiccup's victory, but Fishlegs and Astrid were overjoyed as they dismounted.

Astrid tossed Hiccup a long cloak, which he dazedly shrugged on. "I won."

"You won," she agreed delightedly, slinging her arms around his neck and kissing him soundly. She pulled away with a bright grin. "Good job, babe!"

"Ugh," gagged Snotlout, a bitter expression on his face.

"This sucks," grumbled Ruffnut, pulling on the cloak Fishlegs tossed her, his eyes shut firmly until he was certain she was clothed.

Astrid glared at her. "Serves you right for stealing my dragon!"

"Borrowed," corrected Ruffnut, crossing her arms moodily over her chest. "I couldn't use Barf and Belch, because I would have needed Tuffnut for that."

"I was hoping you would have forgotten that," admitted Astrid. "I was a little worried when Stormfly left my side at the sound of your call."

"Not like it did me any good." Ruffnut kicked at the ground with a scowl.

Hiccup grinned widely and pumped his fists in the air. "I did it! I won the dare contest!"

"_Dare contest?_"

The teens froze, the happy smiles of Fishlegs, Astrid and Hiccup and the bitter sneers of Snotlout, Tuffnut and Ruffnut being replaced by utter terror. The group slowly turned, faces turning white at the sight of Stoick, Gobber and Spitelout emerging from the cover of the forest, eyes glowing with deadly understanding.

"I thought they were gone," hissed Tuffnut, cowering behind his sister.

"They came back early," squeaked Hiccup, his feelings of victory momentarily extinguished by fear.

Hookfang snickered, the group of dragons observing the events from the side. "_They're in so much trouble."_"

Toothless shook his head. "_Like we didn't see that coming."_"

"So that's what you lot have been up to all this time," whispered Stoick, eye twitching in fury. "You lied to me, Hiccup."

"Meep," the boy whimpered.

The twins instinctively tried to make a break for it, but Gobber was quick to intercept them. He slung Tuffnut over one shoulder and put an iron grip on Ruffnut's arm. Spitelout took his son by the ear and Fishlegs firmly by the shoulder. Hiccup yelped as his father took hold of the back of his cloak and lifted him up, his other hand landing on Astrid's back to steer her along.

"You all better beg for mercy," growled Stoick.

They six teens were led off, feeling a mixture of dread and yet satisfaction. A winner had been decided, which meant that everything they had done in order to make it as close as possible to the finish line had not been in vain.

"Was it worth it?" whispered Astrid, a slight twinkle in her eye.

Hiccup grinned. "Strangely enough, yes, it was."

"I think so too."

Hiccup sneaked a glance at his livid father and asked in a low voice, "Will you take the blame for cutting off his beard?"

"Anything for you, babe. Anything for you."

* * *

><p>Until next time,

AnimationNut out.

Peace!

End
file.